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A WOMAN'S IMPRESSIONS OF GERMAN NEW GUINEA

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WOMAN AND CHILD FROM NEW IRELAND

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A WOMAN'S IMPRESSIONS OF GERMAN NEW GUINEA

BY LILIAN OVERELL

WITHDRAWN

NEW YORK
DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY
1923

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Made and Printed in Great Britain. Richard Clay & Sons, Ltd., Printers, Bungay

MRS. PARKINSON HOLDING "COURT" WITH THE LULUAIS

TO

MY MOTHER

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My gratitude is due to Mrs. Parkinson and to the Rev. J. H. Margetts for the photographs used to illustrate the book.—O. L.

Methodist Missioner in New Britain

A WOMAN'S IMPRESSIONS OF GERMAN NEW GUINEA

CHAPTER I

RABAUL

"I cannot rest from travel, I will drink
Life to the lees; all times I have enjoyed
Greatly, have suffered greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone; on shore and when
Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Next the dim sea . . . . . .
Yet all experience is an arch where thro'
Gleams that untravelled world whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move."

"BUT where are you going?"
"To Rabaul."

Immediately there was chaos, and a chorus of uncomplimentary questions and exclamations which left no pause for replies.

"Good heavens! What for?"

"Where is Rabaul?"

"There are Germans there! You'll have a bad time!"

"No, there are cannibals! You must be mad!"

"The Defence Department won't give you a passport, for no women are allowed there."

"Besides, there's nowhere to stay, no hotels or boarding-houses. You can't possibly go!"

"You know absolutely nothing about the place. How can you go there?"

"You can't stand the heat of the Tropics!"

"Then there's malaria. You don't get it out of the system for seven years."

"And the mosquitoes!"

"There are missionaries there, so the natives cannot be cannibals."

"The reverse may be the case. The cannibals may have eaten all the missionaries and you'll find none left!"

"It is a comfort you're not very fat."

"They say thin people are nicer to eat than fat ones because they are more tender!"

. . . . .

But this took place two months ago, and now the steamer was approaching the shores of New Guinea, over which hung a heavy pall of dark rain-clouds as if mourning for the tragedy of suffering and fear that haunts the black races.

Two young girls were talking eagerly. There would be gay times in Rabaul during the Prince's visit, and they would be the only girls there!

Presently the captain appeared with heart-rending news, a wireless message had come through stating that the Prince would not go to Rabaul after all.

The gay chatter ceased suddenly.

A lady returning to Port Moresby with her two children had a native nurse named Kori, who smiled continually. How could she help being happy? She had been to "the big smoke" (that is what the Papuans call Sydney), and would be able to entertain her village with stories of its wonders for the rest of her life.

"I had to bring Kori," explained the Sinabada, "because of her matrimonial troubles."

" She is very young to be married," I said, glancing at barefooted Kori, who was gazing at the distant land, her fuzzy head seeming much the biggest part of her.

" She wanted to ' frow away ' her first husband and marry someone else, so the two boys tried to kill each other. Such a pity, for they were both good workers ! My husband thought if I took her away they might forget all about her. It is lucky I did," she continued, " for my venturesome four-year-old Dicky fell overboard just as we were about to leave port, but Kori rescued him before I knew what had happened. When she brought him to me half drowned, he gasped, ' Mummy, I did have a long swim ! ' I wish it had frightened him, but he just enjoyed it."

One of the most interesting passengers was Mrs. Morton, a tall, gaunt woman with a wonderful voice. When she spoke, everyone turned to look where the big organ-like notes came from. She had been a nurse at the Front and her voice seemed to have gathered to itself echoes of big guns. When she made a remark it seemed incongruous that such booming tones should be used for so trifling a matter.

This afternoon Mrs. Morton was walking thoughtfully up and down the deck. She was generally alone, and somehow one felt she did not need company. She gave the impression of being the central figure in some unknown drama.

A missionary sister looked at her smilingly.

" Tell us all about her," someone begged.

" She is a most wonderful woman," she began. " After returning from the Front, she was nursing for a short time in the hospital at Rabaul, where she soon

made herself unpopular by her fearless exposure of cruelty and injustice. Mr. Morton, a very wealthy planter who owned the out-of-the-way Tanos Group, came to the hospital suffering from malaria. He had the reputation of being horribly cruel to his *kanakas*, who were reported to be suffering from disease, harsh treatment and neglect. I expect he heard some candid criticism before he returned to Tanos!"

"Then how came she to marry him?"

"No one knows, but several letters passed between them, and soon she went to Tanos to be married. I travelled by the same boat, and was of course interested in what I had heard of her. She seemed to me to be rather sorry when the Tanos Group was sighted. She must have dreaded the isolation, the wild natives, and especially the character of the man she was going to marry.

"Two years later, I went to Tanos at her request and was amazed at what I saw. The fact was, Mr. Morton, who was a plump little man with a cherubic face, a weak squeaky voice and the kindest heart in the world, but who had no control over the natives, left everything to his manager, who was a brute. Mrs. Morton soon got rid of him and took charge herself. The natives recognized her as the boss, and always called her 'Sah.' Her medical skill gave her great influence over them, but her voice was the chief factor in her success; the natives had never heard anything like it, and listened with awestruck wonder.

"Tanos is now a model plantation, with the most hygienic of native villages for the married people, a good water supply, a club house, football and cricket grounds, and, best of all, a kindergarten, where I

A STREET IN RABAUL

train the piccaninnies. They are very fierce little animals at first, but they soon settle down and respond to one's efforts like white children."

"Is there a mission settlement at Tanos?"

"No, but we are reaching the fathers and mothers through the children."

Meanwhile the ship was steaming up Blanche Bay into Simsonshafen, passing on the right the extinct volcanoes known as the Mother and Daughters. Nestling appropriately at their feet was a young, more or less active, volcano with innumerable openings that sent out sulphur fumes. On the slopes of the Mother and Daughters were dark masses of trees rising above the long, vividly green grass, which looked from the distance ideal fodder for cattle, but proved to be kunai, one of the pests of the country.

On the left were coco-nut groves, with here and there native villages, and standing out clearly against the palms was the white spire of a church with a number of other buildings near. This was evidently a missionary settlement of some importance.

A trader near answered our unspoken question.

"It is the Mission of the Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ, Limited," he said, emphasizing the last word.

Everyone looked startled; but he nodded.

"Yes, that is its name. It is a big trading company and it owns over 30,000 acres of coco-nuts."

The whole harbour was surrounded by a high ridge of mountains, and must once have been the crater of a huge volcano. Soon we passed two curious mounds, called the Beehive Rocks, which were thrown up by volcanic agency. They were once joined by a low strip of land, on which a village stood, but they have gradu-

ally sunk, and only a few remains of habitation can be seen to-day. The low island of Matupit was formerly joined to the mainland, but it, too, is sinking and is now completely surrounded by water.

Opposite Matupit is Vulcan Island, which was thrown up in the tremendous eruption that has been described by the veteran Methodist missionary, Dr. George Brown. He was the first white man to walk on it early in the 'seventies, when it was still hot. Now it is covered with a thick growth of trees. In that eruption, the waters of the harbour were boiling for days in spite of the flowing in and out of the tides, the fish were cooked and the shells were melted off the turtles' backs. Great fields of pumice, in parts four feet deep, floated away to the Pacific and impeded navigation.

All too soon came the sunset. The Mother and Daughters stood out in royal blues and purples against vivid crimson and golden clouds, and the waters of the bay became shimmering mirrors of pink and lavender. This gorgeous riot of colour changed imperceptibly into tenderer tones of pale blue and grey, and then came swiftly the dense darkness of the Tropics.

The wharf was approached with caution—it was none too safe. Medical inspection over, we had to produce passports, for Rabaul is under military rule. Mine bore the envied inscription : " Permission has been granted to land at Rabaul." But I was rather puzzled as to where I should stay, for the Defence Department had written to me that there was " no accommodation for women in Rabaul," and being a woman I had to be accommodated somewhere !

However, the ship was to be in port for five days,

so I arranged to stay on board, and hoped meanwhile something would arrange itself.

After dinner we went on shore. It was very dark. Faint lights gleamed from the dwellings and here and there a lamp relieved the gloom. Occasionally we met residents, who were preceded by a native with a lantern. At a bend in the road we saw myriads of fireflies flitting among some rubber trees. Our walk ended abruptly, for one of the party suddenly surmised we might tread on snakes, and most of the others discovered simultaneously that it was late and we ought to return on board.

Early next morning we hurried on deck to see all we could. The wharf was crowded with black and bronze natives who worked under a Chinese or Japanese foreman. They were all well developed physically and held their heads erect like free men. They soon began unloading the ship, and the harder they worked the more noise they made.

An occasional accident, such as the fall of a case, was greeted with yells of delight.

Rabaul is a beautiful little town built on low-lying land with the steep ridge of hills for a background. The well-laid-out streets are lined with rows of trees and frequently there are also rows down the middle. In one, the acacias were in bloom and showed masses of scarlet and yellow flowers. In another are magnificent casuarinas, with mysterious music in their slender rustling branches. The wooden bungalows, standing on high piles, usually have only two or three rooms, but these are large and airy with many windows and doors. They are surrounded by wide verandas, opening here and there into spacious porches which

are furnished as sitting-rooms and adorned with plants, creepers and flowers; and here one chiefly lives.

Everywhere is bright green grass, with flowering trees and shrubs, especially vivid-hued crotons. There are very few fences, the properties being separated from one another by low green hedges. One hardly realizes Rabaul is within four and a half degrees of the Equator, the welcome green and shade give such a delightfully cool effect.

Behind the town the road winds up to Namanula, where Government House, the hospital and various officials' residences stand on the saddle that overlooks Simsonshafen on one side, and the open sea on the other. Near the wharf are the big stores of the New Guinea Company and H.A.S.A.G.

Chinatown, the commercial centre, is very quaint and orderly. Numerous shops sell rubbish of all kinds at prices far beyond the wildest dreams of profiteers down South. The shopkeepers are letting their stocks run low, for the Mandate has not come through yet, and their tenure is uncertain.

All the laundry work is done here, and I had reluctantly to send mine, although I knew it would be sprinkled by a Celestial filling his mouth with water and then squirting it over the clothes *I* had to wear. In cooking they are said to scatter icing sugar and desiccated coco-nut in the same primitive way!

The better-class Chinese women and children are very attractive. They have soft round faces and very gentle self-possessed manners. Some are dressed in dull blue silk trousers and long coats, others are all in black.

THE ROAD FROM RABAUL TO KOKOPO

At one end of Chinatown is the fruit market, where a number of native women squat under a big tree with baskets of pawpaws, green oranges, bananas, granadillas, pineapples and coco-nuts.

Most of the natives in Rabaul speak pidgin-English. The Germans found it in use when they arrived and considered it easier to teach than their own language, or perhaps they did not wish them to understand what they were saying. What the natives hear about the affairs of their *Herrschaften* soon becomes known to all the countryside—for to them we whites represent picture shows, theatres and grand opera.

One outlying part of the town is restricted to aborigines, and another section is known as Malaytown. Farther on is the Japanese quarter. The Japanese Consul is said by some to be the richest man in Rabaul. When Lord Jellicoe arrived here, he called at Government House and then at the Japanese Consul's, where he left a present to smooth someone's ruffled feathers.

In the evening weird strains of music rise from the different suburbs, but the place of amusement most frequented by all shades—white, black, brown and yellow—is the moving picture show.

One morning we went to the volcano. Engine troubles—all the launches have defective engines—delayed us to such an extent that we were climbing in the heat of the day. The sun was burning overhead, and the ground was hot underfoot, so that we were continually looking for cool patches to stand on.

Poking away leaves and rubbish, one would see a little hole, like a mouth, from which steam issued. It was curious how vegetation grew there—trees, shrubs, ferns and grass. Higher up there was only scoria, and

it was very hard to climb, as there was nothing solid to stand on. Sometimes we went on all fours. Everywhere were sulphur holes and our gold and silver was soon tarnished. It is not surprising that all the residents pack away their superfluous silver, as it is impossible to keep it clean. Close to the sulphur fumes, a sturdy kind of mountain moss was growing, some of its branches being fifteen inches long. The stones round the fumaroles were covered with sulphur crystals. Just as we reached the crater, from which molten sulphur issued, we noticed three little niggers outlined against the sky on the higher edge opposite, singing " Tipperary " with great gusto. They had big musical voices and sang more or less in tune. For a long while we heard the refrain " Ma yart's yite yare."

The natives near the settlements wear *lava-lavas*. Most of their attention is given to their hair, which is very fuzzy, and bleached with lime to various shades of brown, rusty red and grey. Some heads were snowy white, others just like an opossum skin. They generally stick their combs amid their curls, or wear a feather, a flower, or sometimes a beautiful butterfly, which is tied by a short string and flutters vainly to be free. A favourite practice is to paint a flange of the nose or one lobe of the ear a vivid red.

It was very lonely when the boat steamed away and I walked through the shady streets to the hotel, seeing on the way men only, for there are very few white women here.

The hotel was in process of building. Luckily some bedrooms were finished, but there were no doors or window-frames. If there had been, one could never have had them closed because of the heat, but the

NATIVES UNDERGOING NO. I FIELD PUNISHMENT IN THE GAOL AT RABAUL

curtains that were substituted for them were very transparent and inadequate.

Most bathrooms in this part of the world contain only a bucket to wash in; fortunately here there was a bath, enamelled but dirty. My bedroom boy, an elderly native named Para who had been in the service of the late German Governor and had learnt to do things properly, cleaned it vigorously over and over again, then he cleaned the outlet, the plug, the floor and everything else he could find. He was so very thorough, I was afraid he might want to lay hands on me!

Finally he inquired anxiously, "Him all right?" and pouring two kerosene tins of water in he departed.

When I had finished my bath and pulled up the plug, I was rather horrified to see all the water rush out and flow over the floor, finally leaking through the cracks to the ground below. That is the usual way here, as there are no drains.

The dinner was awful—sour bread, greasy soup, very greasy Irish stew and extremely greasy chops with onions and dry peas. The cook has only one idea about sweets—"Fry 'em in oil"—so, whether it is a bun, pineapple slices or banana fritters, the result is greasiness! He is a Chinaman, and I would not for worlds make inquiries as to how he does his cooking. The coffee proved undrinkable, so I asked for tea and the boy brought me back a cup of tea and coffee mixed. However, I drank it.

A small "monkey" about nine years old helps wait at table. He brings in the knives and forks clutched tightly to his greasy little tum-tum, but nobody seems to mind.

Among the guests is a bedraggled-looking woman

with a family of small children. They have a table to themselves, which is advisable, as their manners are primitive. They enjoy their food tremendously, but with many accidents. It is curious how the blacks resent bad form. I heard the little " monkey " remark with great disgust, " Him fellow no good *kaikai*. Him *kaikai* allee same pig."

There are some oldish mining men here who treat me with old-fashioned politeness and call me " Madam." They are going to the mainland to try and reach the German boundary by the time the Mandate is out, so that they can get the gold they located years ago, when the German Government stopped them.

CHAPTER II

RALUANA

I WAS roused next morning by Para poking his head through the window and saying, " Missus, telephone him speak, him sing out." I hurried to the phone, where I found the Rev. J. W. Chambers, the head of the Methodist Mission, who told me there was a missionary schooner going that day to Raluana, and the sisters would be very pleased if I would spend a few days with them.

It was a delightful opportunity for me to see something fresh, so I soon had breakfast and then drove to Malakuna on the opposite side of the bay.

It was a beautiful drive along tree-lined roads, past native gardens and patches of forest. Soon we came to a big native village which adjoined the headquarters of the Methodist Mission.

Mrs. Chambers has a kindly welcome for everyone, and presently we were enjoying tea and scones, a delightful change from hotel fare. Mr. and Mrs. Chambers have two very striking characteristics : their generous hospitality to friends and strangers alike and their intense devotion to the welfare of the natives.

We boarded the schooner—of course the engines went wrong—but eventually we reached Raluana. It is the loveliest place. The long bungalow faces the water, and its veranda and porch were bright with

pot-plants and ferns. The grassy slope down to the water's edge was a vivid green, and the big mango trees threw deep shadows.

The two sisters had a number of half-caste children under their care, ranging from a girl of eighteen down to little boys and girls of four and five. They are such dear things and we are quite good friends. They speak English very prettily and have quite pure vowels. From their talk, one would think they were Italian children. They are very affectionate, devoted to their teachers and easily managed. It is curious to notice the ascendancy a white person has over a half-caste or a native.

There is a large village near and the people are under the influence of the mission. They are happy and peaceable, regard the missionaries as their friends and protectors and yet retain their own free-will and independence.

They are all devoted to the sisters. Once there was a demented soldier firing his rifle wildly, and the natives rushed up to warn them and were most concerned for their safety.

It was delightful to get nice clean food again. After tea we went for a walk amid wonderful trees. The youngsters gambolled in front, playing at motor-cars and bicycles and shouting with joy. They run beautifully, so swiftly and gracefully. They are the progeny of native women and German, Chinese and Malay fathers.

Before returning home, we went to see Sister Augusta, an elderly German nursing sister, who before coming to Rabaul had spent many years in tropical Africa and who has done considerable research work

on malaria. She has a tiny little home on a hill sloping down to the sea, with deep gullies on either side, and through the palms one has a gorgeous view of the mountains beyond the bay. She has a most devoted black boy who will never take a holiday because he is afraid the other boy will not look after her properly.

The children like the boiled sweets I brought—those one buys here are vile. I keep them standing on a block in a basin of water (ants are so bad) and they never take them. All my money and belongings are quite safe with them.

They all love play. One night I tried the two big boys with a string trick and all the rest aided them with advice, welcome and otherwise. We simply tired ourselves out with laughter. Oreepa, the native kitchen girl, got wildly excited, urged them to do all sorts of impossible things, and when they still remained entangled her eyes nearly came out of her head. It was a huge success.

" Two little dicky birds " was, if possible, even a greater one. Oreepa stood behind me grasping vainly at the air, her eyes rolling wildly. The sisters were exhausted with laughing and said to me, " If only you could see all the black faces with the wild eyes." They thought I was a magician and each time when I called, " Come back, Jill," there was a stampede in that direction.

In the cool of the afternoon, they loved a treasure hunt, and the air was filled with happy cries as they darted from cache to cache, finding various treasures. Unfortunately my supply of trifles began to run low, for I like a treasure hunt where there are no blanks, but prizes for all.

The half-castes are very nice children and wonderfully considerate in some ways, but the sisters say they are on their best behaviour before me. Once I tripped over a step in the veranda and they were quite concerned. Now they always warn me when I get near, and at night take the lamp off their table to show me the way.

There are native gardens on the hill-side near. Each man has his little patch and no one interferes with his neighbours' plots. We could not see any dividing line, but they all know the boundaries, and even in a grove of coco-nuts each knows which tree belongs to him.

The Christian natives usually have huts built after the Fijian fashion, which are larger and healthier than the others; they are made of posts with walls of plaited coco-nut leaves, and a grass roof. The huts are tidy and clean. We went into one belonging to an old woman. It had her sleeping mat, half a dozen coco-nut shells to hold water, a lot of illustrations of machinery on the wall (evidently she did not get first choice of pictures) and very little else. Her son, who is very superior, being a teacher, had a row of glass bottles in his room.

We had some native dishes for Sunday's meals, and they were cooked in the teacher's kitchen, that being the cleanest. One was taro, a starchy root, cut in slices and coco-nut juice (not milk) poured over it. Then the fire was scraped out, and the food, tied up in green banana leaves, was put in and covered with hot stones. Next day all the bundles were nicely cooked. So the natives had fireless and paper-bag cookery long before we did ! Another dish was native

A NATIVE DRUM

spinach with coco-nut. There are quite a number of plants whose leaves make good spinach. Then we had kaukau or sweet potato. For fruits we had granadilla, which looked like a small vegetable marrow, but resolved itself into a large and delicious passion fruit, also mangoes and pawpaws.

Everywhere passiflora grows wild. It has a little yellow berry the size of a cherry and is like passion fruit inside. Planters encourage this creeper, for it helps to keep down the kunai, which it is so difficult to eradicate.

After breakfast, one sister goes to the school, and the other to the hospital to doctor the sick. The poor things have awful sores! Big corns larger than the top of an egg-cup—that fester. Everything festers here. Some wounds are surrounded by a foul growth that looks like cauliflower. Miss Millar is so gentle with them that she gets many patients who will not let the doctor at the native hospital touch them. Their faith in her is pathetic and they let her paint them with iodine, carbolic or salicylic acid as the case demands. Ringworm is very prevalent and the treatment is painful. As long as the sweets lasted I used to give each patient a few, and it was touching to see how even men would accept them with beaming smiles. They are all children, even the biggest and fiercest.

Sunday was very interesting. Soon after day-break, the church bell rang, and the students, one by one, in their white singlets and *lava-lavas* and book in hand, filed through the palms. Then we heard them singing. The men have melodious voices, but there is too much rivalry among the girls—whose shouts nearly split one's eardrums. The language is very musical

and two consonants seldom come together. Jesus Christ becomes Iesu Karisito. I went with the others to a service at 9 a.m. A native preached most fluently to an attentive audience. Of course I could not understand. The men, who looked very serious and devout, sat on one side. On the other side of the aisle were women, girls and children. It is not etiquette for boys and girls to be together.

Washing day is a great institution. It had been raining hard, so a number of tubs were put under the spouts to catch the water. Then the children put in the clothes to soak and on Monday the fun began. Six native women arrived with babies. They and the bigger children squatted down, four to a tub, and began to wash and talk. Others kept the copper boiling, spread out the clothes on the grass, ran after them when they blew away and brought them in as they dried. It was a very gay scene and everyone enjoyed it. It reminded me of old Greek stories, when princesses and their maidens did the family washing in the river, and made a picnic of washing day. How sadly an honourable occupation has fallen from its high estate !

Three mornings running, Miss Millar and I got up at 5 a.m. Even at that early hour it was hot, with the close, moist heat of a hothouse. We hoped to be able to go out in the canoes to see the fish baskets emptied, but each time the men decided it was too rough for us to venture. They are very afraid of risking the life of a white woman. Of course they swim like fish, and if one did get into the water I expect she would be torn to pieces by so many eager blacks trying to save her.

The fish traps are big globular constructions made

of cane, and often eight feet high. Attached by a long cable is an anchor shaped like a bottle, which is filled with stones. A float of bamboo stems, above which a branch waves, shows the men where the trap is anchored. The traps are open at both ends and down the middle is a kind of funnel. When fish swim in, attracted by the scented twigs and leaves, they slip between the canes of the funnel and find themselves imprisoned in the big curves of the trap. Sometimes two or three hundred fish will be caught in one fish basket.

When the children were in bed, we three used to sit on the veranda and talk. The question of the half-castes is a difficult one. They should be raised nearer the white level and not allowed to descend to the native. They may be the means of settling the vexed problem of how the Tropics are to be peopled. White men and women cannot do manual work here. There is plenty of black labour, but the black is a child and cannot undertake any responsibility. If these half-castes, who are accustomed to the climate, are suitably educated they may be of invaluable help in the future. The boys could be trained as plantation overseers, engineers, plumbers, carpenters and builders, and they would make excellent foremen over black labour, for the half-caste has a better insight into the workings of the native mind than a white man can ever hope to acquire.

The girls could be trained as housekeepers, dress-makers, hospital nurses, children's nurses, or teachers for half-caste schools. Some of them are very intelligent and they are too valuable an asset to be neglected.

In New Britain to-day there are numbers of Chinese

and Japanese whose influence is distinctly bad. They do, in many ways, a useful work, but as there are to be restrictions against further influx their numbers should soon decrease, and they can with advantage be replaced by half-castes. Now that Japan, an ardently military nation, owns the Caroline, Marshall and Ladrone Islands, all very near to the fertile islands lately known as the Bismarck Archipelago, it is a foolish policy to allow her sons to acquire too great an ascendancy over these natives.

CHAPTER III

THE FUNERAL OF A NATIVE CHIEF

THE old chief of the little village on top of the hill had died, and we were invited to see the funeral ceremonies. Followed by various natives, we climbed the little forest paths. These tracks are only about twelve inches wide at the most, quite sufficient for the natives, who always walk in Indian file, even on the broadest roads.

It was a wonderful walk. The steep slopes on either side were covered with luxuriant tropical growth—palms, ferns, creepers and trees with beautifully shaped leaves. Here and there, even on this precipitous ground, were native gardens, although the women tending them could barely maintain an upright position, and seemed to cling like flies to the soil.

After half an hour we heard sounds of wailing, and soon on a high bluff, right above us, we saw a cluster of native huts. Another steep climb and we were there. Surrounded by a palisade stood the little dwellings on levelled ground, among the coco-nut palms. In the centre was the corpse, wrapped in white calico and covered with mats. Around this were palm leaves and big coils of native money or *tambu*. There were some hundreds of natives present. The daughters and granddaughters of the old chief were crowded together wailing loudly and incessantly.

Sometimes they approached the corpse and clung to it, weeping in a heart-broken way.

The men took matters more philosophically, although they looked unusually serious. There were numbers of old women and vast numbers of babies. I never saw so many babies in my life as in the Methodist spheres of influence in New Britain! Such plump, happy little babies too, who smiled at one in a friendly way and had such bright eyes.

This village was some distance from the sea, so that daily baths were impossible, and many of the mourners had come from still farther inland. It was appalling to see the ravages of disease among these. Some of the faces were partly eaten away—others had huge swollen lips. Some men had feet so deformed by old sores that they walked on their heels, and the soles were twisted round towards the front of the leg. One man had elephantiasis in one leg and one arm, and it was pitiable to see the look of suffering on his face. Some of the children from distant villages had ringworm all over them, which formed curious spiral patterns. Others had white scale—like skin. Even tiny babies were hopelessly diseased.

The chief had been dead about twenty-four hours and all that time female relations and friends had wailed continuously. Frequently the professional wailing women took their places near the corpse, and, squatting on the ground in two rows, howled loudly and conscientiously, for the loudest and longest wailer received the highest pay.

The children were wonderfully quiet—groups of boys sat under the trees and looked on seriously. Little girls sat apart, near the women. Strings of

men and women carrying baskets of food wound in from different parts of the forest, but no one ate, with the exception of the babies, who took their nourishment in a business-like way.

At frequent intervals a fantastic and terrifying figure dashed from behind the trees and danced round the corpse. This was the *duk-duk*, a survival from old forbidden dances. A dense globular mass of leaves, a yard or more in diameter, covered the figure from neck to knee. Below appeared two energetic black legs; above was a conical green mask with white marks, above that again was a long spike, terminating in a bunch of light feathers. German civil law is still in force here, and by it these dances are only allowed in the month of May. They have all sorts of horrible meanings and the women are terrified of them. The German residents say the *duk-duk* of to-day is a very mild edition of what he was twenty years ago. We were very fortunate to see even this bowdlerized version, especially as it was July, but the villagers probably took advantage of the changes due to the war, and of their village being so far out of the way. The *duk-duk* danced in his whirl of leaves in the shallow grave, which was dug close to the huts, and even struck the corpse.

Presently the headman (christened Pharaoh) approached the missionary's wife, whom he addressed as "Marama," a term of respect borrowed from Fijian, and deferentially inquired if she wished the interment to take place. Then the wailing women wailed louder and the daughters clung to the corpse, weeping bitterly.

A sudden change came over everybody. Two native teachers from the mission, who had watched in quiet

disapproval the antics of the *duk-duk*, took their stand at the grave, and a deep silence fell on all. It was a wonderful testimony to the reverence in which the Methodist Mission is held. No white man was there, only we three white women. The native teachers, with their fuzzy hair like all the rest, but with white singlets in addition to their white *lava-lavas*, stood with a wonderfully spiritual expression on their dark faces.

Then one spoke of the dead man, who had suffered much, and in a dream thought he was turned away from heaven because he was dirty. Waking up, he told his family his dream and asked them to wash him and put on his clean clothes, for he knew he would die that night.

Some Scripture was read and a hymn sung, and the corpse was lowered into the grave. The preacher explained only the body was there, the spirit was with God.

The daughters rushed forward with wild lamentation, tried to touch the corpse, and wailed : " Father, where have you gone ? Oh, where are you ? " It was curious to hear these poor savages voice the old cry that has rung out through all the ages.

Then everyone near threw a handful of dust into the grave—the boys joined eagerly in this and much dust went where it should not, and sudden gusts of laughter were heard. When the grave was filled, men went round giving everyone betel-nut, pepper and lime, and soon all were chewing hard. They must have needed some stimulant after all the wailing.

Everyone settled down and chatted more happily. Then began the distribution of *tambu*. There were

twenty-three big coils, most of them about the size of the life-buoys one sees on the deck of a ship. Native money consists of small shells, obtained from an island about a hundred miles away, and strung on thin strands of cane. These were arranged in a wonderfully neat and compact way to form the coil. When a man dies, his *tambu* is distributed among his relations and all the people who come to his funeral. This accounts for the way funerals are " rushed."

Everyone accepts what he is given without demur or vulgar gratitude—some get a small piece, others a great deal. We three received about two shillings' worth each. This money is legal tender among the natives only. Giving them silver leads to a great shortage, as they often bury it instead of using it.

Altogether there must have been between £200 and £300 of *tambu* there, but the greater part of it was lent by friends to make a good funeral and, of course, they took it home again. It was also hinted that some of the coils were mere camouflage.

The Master of the Ceremonies then came to ask us if we would like to retire. We did not know if it was etiquette for us to retire first, as a mark of our superiority, or if the old villain had something up his sleeve that he did not want us to see. We inquired what was the next item. He said all the men were going to vomit ! So we decided to stay and see it through. There were such crowds of them squatting on the ground close together that we did not see how they could ! However, at the word of command there was a monstrous " ouch," reminiscent of storms in the Bay of Biscay. There was, however, more cry than wool, for all we saw were sundry ejectments of betel

juice—which is gory in colour. It reminded me of the old saying about " crying oneself sick." The women had done all the wailing and the men had to adopt this little subterfuge to keep up their reputation !

After this, drums were beaten, and everyone began to be cheerful. The betel-nut was evidently doing its work ! Sundry looks were cast at the supplies of food that were heaped at one side of the village, stacks of coco-nuts, bunches of bananas, baskets full of yams, taros and other roots. They must have needed food badly after all the wailing. This would only be a simple meal, the feast proper would not take place for some days. They must first " sleep on the dead " and make sure the spirit would not rise to trouble them, then it would be time to think of roast pig and other delights. It was nice to see them all happy again, so we said " *Yoko* " and departed.

CHAPTER IV

KOKOPO

BEFORE leaving Raluana, I had a few very lively nights. Some were caused by earthquakes, others by smaller but more exciting episodes. A few black-skinned Lotharios began to haunt the girls' dormitories, which fortunately were provided with stout wire-netted doors. One of these gentry was even discovered under a bed, and loud and shrill was the uproar that ensued !

Finally the authorities told the sisters to fire on any midnight intruders, and suddenly a loud report startled us all. It was followed by a wild rush, as the dogs started in pursuit and the half-caste boys joined in. It was a very amusing night, and the only unhappy person was the dear sister whose conscience troubled her because she had nearly shot someone.

Saying good-bye to my kind hostesses, I went on to Kokopo in a shaky carriage belonging to Pharaoh. This settlement was originally intended for the capital of Neu Pommern, but the wharf was too exposed to the vagaries of the Trade Winds—which finally carried it away altogether—so a safer port was found at Rabaul.

At Kokopo were the barracks, native hospital, private bungalows, and a store, but the chief feature was the big hotel built by the New Guinea Company. It stood on top of the cliff and faced the Pacific. Its

verandas were ornamented with quaint green carvings that reminded the planters of many a familiar *Gasthaus* in the far-away Fatherland.

The manager's wife took me upstairs to my room, explaining carefully that only her family lived below and that I should have all the upper floor—three rooms and big balconies—to myself! I could not quite understand her solicitude, but I was sorry to see that access could only be gained by an outside flight of steps. Later on, I discovered that hotel proprietors find single women rather a responsibility. Married couples and men were accommodated in guest-houses near, for the hotel buildings covered a large area of land. The spacious dining-room, with the bar at one end, opened into a huge *Trinkhalle*, where there were very merry gatherings in the old German days.

I had recently been staying at a Sydney boarding-house, where the men were served before the women, so it was rather a contrast when the Germans at the dinner-table turned fiercely to the native waiters who were handing dishes to them and said sternly, " Serve Missus first, always first."

Occasionally a planter would bring his wife, but usually there were only men.

I tried giving my orders to the boys; in vain—for they paid no attention. The Germans would repeat them in loud tones with excellent results.

I overheard one say, " Sie ist doch viel zu höflich und bescheiden," but it was not until I heard the German women speak to the natives that I realized my error. They did not *speak*, they yelled, they shouted, they roared, and the shuddering blacks flew to obey.

There was frequently an air of gloom about the

settlers, who were waiting anxiously for the Mandate to come through. They hoped England, not Australia, would have it. They said England would be just—but Australia! They shook their heads sadly. Few of these wanted to go back to the Fatherland. They loved their flourishing plantations and hated to think of giving them up.

Life in the Bismarck Archipelago under the German régime was a delightful thing. The planters had beautiful homes, cheap black labour, every encouragement from the Government, good roads, telephones, a sanatorium in the hills, frequent German war-boats, a regular shipping service, ice, fresh milk and meat, amusements and all kinds of social festivities. There probably never was a gayer little colony than that of the Südsee!

I went to bed the first night assuring myself that I was perfectly all right—considering the manager, his wife and children were just below.

But, when I turned off the light and saw through the open windows four black figures jumping over the balcony railing, I nearly died of fright. It was a moonlight night and their figures were clearly silhouetted against the sky.

With an effort I controlled myself and turned on the light. The horrible figures had disappeared. I ventured out on to the balcony, but there was only the fantastic carving there.

I went back into the room and turned off the light, and again those diabolical shapes appeared.

This time I went out boldly and found the weird carvings—with the aid of a fertile imagination—had assumed this terrifying form.

But I should like some very courageous person to go one moonlight night quite alone to that room and see what realistic niggers that vile woodwork makes !

The head mission station of the Sacred Heart is near Kokopo. It is a very wealthy community owning tens of thousands of acres of coco-nut plantations, besides carrying on various trades, furniture making, etc. Under German law, the missions were registered as trading companies and are known as The Sacred Heart of Jesus, Limited, and The Holy Ghost, Limited !

The fathers and nuns lead a busy life, teaching white, half-caste and native children and superintending the various industries. The different houses in which they live, together with the church and numerous other buildings, are situated in beautiful grounds sloping down to the shore.

When the Bishop's birthday came—he is French, but the brothers are said to be German, though with their black beards and olive skins they are very different from the ordinary Teuton—we were invited to an entertainment.

A poetic eulogy of the Bishop's virtues was declaimed by one of the pupils. The reverend hero bore it with courage and composure, but its extravagant phrases must have been an awful ordeal for a modest man.

The native children sang action songs, and in one of these the baby of the convent, a wee darkie girl who could just toddle, stood in front and smiled bravely, although the smile was a trifle forced, until the audience applauded, then the poor mite lifted up her voice and howled !

I think every woman present wanted to take her in her arms and comfort her.

Some of the older girls danced—save the mark—a minuet ! It was an unfortunate experiment, for they were very heavy in their movements, wore uneasily their European clothes and clumsy mission-made shoes and had an agonized expression on their faces. It was at once ludicrous and pathetic, and we were relieved when it was over.

The nuns teach the children to sing charmingly. It was touching to hear the half-castes singing " Home, sweet home "—poor little half-castes who have no home and no nationality.

Unfortunately there are some native girls who are induced to take the veil, and these black nuns frequently fall from grace. This seems a shocking experiment when there are not sufficient " Maries " in the district, and it is an anachronism in a race that is not very far removed from the Stone Age !

As the mission children grow up, they " make paper " and work in the R.C. plantations and workshops.

The hotel manager had little twin girls of more than typical German fairness, for in addition to their pale flaxen hair and light blue eyes they had the colourless faces of children born in the Tropics. They bore the names of Minnie Marta and Rose Marie, and they lisped a hideous jargon of German-cum-native-cum-pidgin. Once I heard Rose Marie loudly wailing, " Minnie Marta *kaikai* hand belong me ! "

They had women nurses; but often the boys managed to get possession of them, and I remember the vivid contrast of a big native with his fuzzy hair and coal-black skin sitting on the steps and gazing proudly at snow-white Rose Marie who had gone to sleep in his arms, her flaxen head resting against his

shoulder and one plump white arm flung confidingly round his neck.

Afternoon tea was always sent up to my room, but one day it failed to come.

Usually I did not hanker after it, for in New Guinea hotels one merely eats to live, but the lunch had been too utterly Chinese for me and so I really needed food.

The manager and his wife were out and all the servants were having an hilarious game of football.

I summoned one of the " Maries."

" Tea belong me no come. Catch 'em tea belong me."

Then I heard a wild uproar. All the " Maries " rushed madly among the players, crying shrilly, " Missus no got tea. Catch 'em hot water. Catch 'em tea belong Missus."

I stood on the balcony and watched. The game ceased suddenly, the seriousness of the case struck everyone. They had forgotten " tea belong Missus." It was really a crime, and punishment follows crime very swiftly in German New Guinea.

They evidently made up their minds to repair the fault speedily.

The whole field, between twenty and thirty boys and " monkeys," made a wild rush to the cook-house, with loud cries of " Catch 'em hot water."

But the spirit of the game still seemed to linger and all the boys began kicking the " monkeys," and the bigger " monkeys " passed it on to the little " monkeys." I could not quite see why, unless the size of the latter reminded them too forcibly of their beloved football.

Finally a small strange " monkey " brought up my tray and stood before me trembling. I pointed to the table where it was always placed and wondered why the usual boy had not brought it.

He put the tray down safely and still waited humbly, his face working anxiously. Then I understood; a German Missus would have caned him for his negligence. That was why all the big boys kicked the little boys; they were trying to find a victim to face the irate Missus.

I filled his hands with cakes and signed to him to go. He gave a little gasp and then fled, evidently afraid my good nature might not last long.

The boys have an embarrassing habit of never knocking. They come noiselessly and peep to see if one is sufficiently clothed for them to venture in. If not, they retire and wait for a while before risking another peep. Nothing is more worrying than to emerge from one's room to find the bedroom boy with his back towards the door, discreetly admiring the view.

Luckily when he came this morning I was quite ready. He announced " Missus Kuradui." The name intrigued me—it wasn't German, it must be native.

I went into the porch and found it was Mrs. Parkinson of Kuradui.

In the Bible there are certain strictures about people who call their lands after their own names, but here the natives generally call the owners after their plantations.

Mrs. Parkinson was a personality. Simply dressed in white, her kindly face wearing a pleasant smile, her dark eyes flashing with wit and humour, and with an

air of quiet dignity, she was indeed a delightful person to meet. It appeared she expected me to go straight to Kuradui as soon as I landed !

" Oh, but how could I ? " I asked.

" You are a friend of my friend, Captain Beresford, and of course I thought you would not wait to be invited."

It was soon arranged that I should go and stay with her, and so I had an opportunity of seeing what the hospitality of the Tropics really is.

CHAPTER V

KURADUI

" Lovelier far than all the valleys of Ionian hills."

LIFE at Kuradui was a delightful experience. My hostess gave me a royal welcome, and we talked hard the first day—and, indeed, most of the succeeding days. We lay in long chairs while the " Maries " brought out photos and curios.

I, having of course been well brought up, after looking at a photo, placed it on the little table at my left hand.

" Oh," begged my hostess, " please do not give yourself so much trouble ! Simply drop them on the floor, the ' Maries ' are here to pick them up."

So I languidly let them fall and tried to make believe that I had always been a princess with slaves to wait on me.

I am afraid it did not work well, for I was often taken to task.

" You do not let yourself be waited upon," my friend complained reproachfully.

" Oh, I'm not used to it," I would say laughingly. " We've no servants down South."

The bungalow was charmingly situated among the coco-nuts, indeed one palm was right in the middle of the house and served somewhat as the salt-cellar in days of old. On one side of the palm were kitchens

and store-rooms, and on the other, facing Blanche Bay, was the main portion—the open-air dining-room, bedrooms, drawing-room and the verandas where we chiefly lived.

In the kitchen or cook-house Adolf with his two assistants concocted wonderful dishes, for Mrs. Parkinson's hospitable board was the most delectable one in all German or British New Guinea! But no boys were allowed in the house proper, there we had dainty little maids to wait on us. So dark were they that once I drew my finger along a sooty black arm and felt quite surprised that none of it came off.

The generic name for white women here is "Missus," but there is no "s" in the dialect of this district, so Mrs. Parkinson was originally called Miti (pr. Mee-tee), and by this name she is still known in the villages.

We used to go for lovely drives through the plantation in the early morning. The ground was a series of small hills, like waves, owing to earthquake action, and everywhere was the vividly green kunai grass—beautiful to look at, like waving fields of barley, but not regarded from that point of view by the planter.

Sometimes we would come across a neglected cemetery, whose owners had gone away, and out of pity for the dead Miti would send her women to put it in order.

Another time we drove to the orchard, a lovely spot hidden among the little earthquake hills. Everything grew there—granadillas, big mango trees, oranges, bananas, lemons, coffee, breadfruit, alligator pears, sour sop, pawpaws, kapok, all kinds of nuts and wonderful vines tangling everything in their clasp.

Miti pointed to one special mango that it was

difficult in old days to protect from the depredations of the blacks.

" How did you manage ? " I asked.

" Oh, magic," she laughed. " I put a white mark round the tree and then summoned the natives and told them what terrible catastrophes would fall upon them if they approached it. For years they would not come within a mile of the orchard."

" But they all pick the fruit now," I said.

" Ah, yes," she murmured sadly. " All is changed. I am alone. Soon the Mandate will be here and I shall be deported, I, who made this country safe for white people to live in. What will become of my poor blacks ? "

" They cannot deport you," I said indignantly. " You are not German or even pro-German. England and Australia will be just."

" But, if my children go, what is my life ? Two are in Java now and will not be allowed to return. Then Dolly's husband is a Prussian and my son Edward said some foolish, rash words when the Australians first came. They will all be deported."

" But Louisa, who married an Englishman," I urged, " and Paul, who is naturalized British, you will keep Paul."

Soon she became more cheerful and we drove home. By now I was quite ready for breakfast, and as we sat eating it we could see the motors going to Rabaul, down on the road below. It was the custom of the " Maries " who were not waiting at table to call out whose motor passed, but it was always the name of the plantation they gave, not that of the planter.

" Kabakaul," would be the shrill call.

" Now," cried my hostess, who took a benevolent interest in all her neighbours, " I wonder what Eric wants in Rabaul to-day? He was there yesterday."

" Rainau," was the next cry and another motor dashed by, giving us a glimpse between the palm tops of a woman's white veil.

" Poor Grace," murmured Miti, " I expect she is anxious to see the new Gazette. Her husband is sure to be deported as he is a German."

After breakfast we would go to the Samoa house on the edge of the cliff, so very near the edge that soon an earthquake will send it toppling down to the beach below.

Here we used to read and write letters, while watching the canoes skim past with their big fish traps that had to be set some distance from the shore.

On the other side of the bay were the volcanoes, and in the distance various islands.

Before one had time to forget breakfast, pineapple and port wine appeared, and soon after that came lunch.

The midday rest was often curtailed because some of the many visitors were sure to arrive early. A warning cry from the " Maries " would rouse my hostess, who, with a call of " Quick, Lotti, my bath," would soon be ready for the usual invasion, and who would greet all comers—friend or foe, well known or stranger, rich or poor, honoured or unhonoured—with a hospitable welcome and give them of her best.

When at last they had all gone and the hot sun was declining, leaving the mountains and the sea bathed in their evening glories, the " Maries " took our chairs out on the lawn, and there we lay and watched the

beautiful scene, until the darkness brought out the fireflies, or the moon rose.

She would tell me the story of her early years, of the wild struggles with the blacks, of their barbarous customs and quaint beliefs.

From time to time, glancing up, I would notice a statuesque black figure standing by—not altogether adding to my equanimity—this would be a boss boy, come to give his report for the day.

Then came dinner, a meal that when we were alone always waited until we were ready for it. Somehow it was never spoilt, as dinners down South would be, after being kept waiting for an hour or two.

The table was decorated, Samoa fashion, with garlands of flowers; these we must always wear, either round our heads or necks, and afterwards the maids used to twine them round the head rails of our beds. When the scent was too strong—ylang-ylang, or frangipane—I used to adorn the dressing-table instead.

The nights were usually sleepless, but who would expect anything else so near the Equator?

My room adjoined my hostess's, and to my relief she was quite pleased to leave the door between us open. We were only two women, and there were eighty " labours " on the plantation, besides innumerable free natives in the bush. The nearest white settler was about two miles away.

" What can one do if a native comes into one's room at night? " I asked.

" Fight," she replied firmly. " The natives are cowards. Hit them and they will run away. The dogs are fierce and they will not let anyone near the house at night."

They were three big bull-doggish animals, and I began to have a great admiration for them, which increased astonishingly as the darkness came on, but waned imperceptibly at day-break.

I went to bed with my electric torch, a powerful one which even the domestic staff regarded as awesome evidence of " white-fellow magic," a policeman's whistle and my eyeglasses.

My plan of campaign began with seeing that the mosquito-nets were firmly tucked in to form a first wall of defence. Then if an intruder appeared I would put on my glasses, for fear of injuring the wrong person, for in these earthquaky regions I was often wakened by a kind hostess, who would assure me that it was only a *gria* that was rocking me so violently to and fro, whilst I, in my dreams, was thinking it was at least a shipwreck !

Having adjusted my glasses and discovered the intruder had evil intentions, I should flash the torch in his face. If he did not depart immediately, I should then blow the whistle, grab him by his fuzzy hair and bang him as hard as I could with the torch.

Of course if this rather complicated scheme failed, I really do not know what else I could do, except to develop suddenly a " sitrong " voice.

But I began to have unusual respect for the opinions of the Defence Department and to agree with them that New Guinea was no place for women.

My first night at Kuradui was extremely exciting. The dogs barked loudly, made wild rushes through my room, which had four open doors, one in each wall. They raced along the verandas and seemed beside themselves.

When I could endure it no longer, I said rather timidly :

" Is anything wrong ? "

" No," replied my hostess, laughing, " it is only the animals wandering about in the moonlight and the dogs see their shadows."

I settled down, hoping sleep would come, but these vain illusions were soon dispelled by wild cries from the beach below and the noise of paddles !

Miti called for lamps, explaining joyfully that it was the pinnace returning from the South Coast and it was the paddles of the dinghy I heard, and there would be letters from her children. Everyone was wide awake and the " Maries " ran to and fro. We stayed in our beds and I watched with intense interest the scene in my friend's room.

The boss boy from the *Wing* arrived to make his report. Then the trouble began—he had an unlicensed passenger. A married woman from Kuradui had gone down to Dolly's plantation to do a month's sewing, but, instead of staying the full time, she took French leave and came back by the *Wing*, because the boss boy was her lover. So a "court " was promptly held in Mrs. Parkinson's room, or at least a preliminary inquiry. Her stern voice rang out so effectively that the eyes of the little " Maries " nearly fell out altogether. It was probably an excellent object lesson for them. The culprits were too abashed to say anything, and were finally dismissed after being ordered to come up for trial in a week's time.

Then my hostess read her letters, the most exciting news being that Ewaldchen had a tooth !

She expressed her regret that Paul had not an iron

room, for some of his " labours " were troublesome and a spear can easily find its resting-place when one lives in a native house.

Edward was not eating well; she would send him some Clement's Tonic.

Then we all went to sleep.

CHAPTER VI

THE STORY OF MITI

MITI'S father was the American Consul at Apia and her mother the daughter of a Samoan chief.

When the time came, her mother went alone into the bush, and there, under a big tree near the river, was born one of the greatest-hearted, sweetest-natured and most heroic of women. The Consul was very strict with his large family and would only allow his beautiful daughters to marry white men. His proud sister in Washington wrote to him to come home without his children, as she wanted to leave him her fortune. He replied, she could keep her money, he loved his family.

Most of the children were educated at schools in San Francisco, but Miti, who used to take care of a younger delicate sister, refused to leave her, and as she was too frail to go far away the two were sent to a local convent.

The mother used to tell her daughters many legends when they were massaging her. The Samoans are the finest race, intellectually and physically, in the Pacific, and they are adepts at massage, dauntless swimmers, and lovers of beauty, revelling in the wonderful flowers and beautiful scenery of their native land.

Their folklore would seem to indicate an older civilization, and Miti used to investigate the places mentioned and try to find the origin of the legends.

One story was about a chief who had a wonderful house in the forest, where there was a white pavement and close by fresh water. He had, too, a favourite tortoise.

Miti found this place, and close by the white pavement, made of smooth blocks of white coral, was a fresh-water well. Underneath the cliff was a cave, and diving into it she discovered the stone statue of a man and of a gigantic turtle.

Another story was of an old woman and her daughter who suffered from sores, so they lived alone in a cave. The men were playing at throwing sticks and the young chief's stick went right into the cave. He stood at the entrance and asked politely for it. The girl, who was in love with him, invited him in, but he refused, for the Samoans detest skin diseases.

Finally, as she would not give him the stick, he entered, and then they blocked the doorway with big stones, for they were sorceresses, and the chief was never seen again.

Miti could not rest until she found out this cave, and, forcing her way in, she discovered the stone figures of two women and a man, and lying on the ground a stone representation of a stick.

But her childhood was not always peaceful; there was frequent fighting, and often she saw warriors running past carrying in their hands the bleeding heads of their enemies.

At the age of sixteen Miti was married to Mr. Parkinson, who is generally referred to as a German

professor, and who was twenty years older than herself. His father was an Englishman, and his mother was the daughter of a clergyman in Schleswig-Holstein before its annexation by Germany.

Forty years ago at the age of eighteen, with her husband and baby, Miti came to New Britain and they settled in the Gazelle Peninsula where I am now.

It was easy to buy land from the natives with muskets and ammunition, for, as they reasoned among themselves, they could soon kill the settlers, steal all their possessions, and get the land back!

Miti and her husband resolved to be strictly honourable in their dealings with the blacks, and in time won their confidence and respect. But they had terrible experiences.

Miti soon discovered that the natives were cowards, but even cowards are dangerous when they are in the proportion of hundreds to one.

They brought with them eleven Buka boys, who were brave, fierce and faithful and who acted as a bodyguard.

When the homestead was built, the natives would squat on the veranda and steal if they could, but Miti and her husband always insisted on the stolen property being returned and a fine paid.

One day when Miti was left in the house with two Bukas, while her husband was on the beach with the rest of the bodyguard, a lad stole a knife. Miti at once told the Bukas to put the chief, who was on the veranda, in irons.

They were aghast, but obeyed, and immediately there was an uproar. Hundreds of natives surged round the house, and her husband rushed up from

the beach and was horrified when he saw what was done.

"We shall all be killed," he gasped.

But the chief proved reasonable, the knife was returned, the thief punished and a fine of £1 in shell money paid.

It was a safeguard that the various tribes were always fighting against one another, but once the Raluana, Reber and Kininigunan clans united to kill the white settlers. Some friendly natives warned Miti, but the other whites, less than a dozen in all, could not believe it, for the natives were bringing them presents and inviting them to a big peace meeting five miles away in the bush.

Mr. Parkinson, Miti, the Bukas and the other settlers, all armed, went towards the place selected, Mr. Parkinson on horseback and the rest on foot.

Miti noticed most of the villages were empty and said this was a suspicious sign, so they resolved to return, and immediately natives sprang out of their hiding-places, fired at them, threw spears and chased them.

There was a wild stampede for home, a scramble along a narrow track, with high grass and luxuriant vegetation everywhere affording the enemy cover.

Coming to a steep bluff, Miti flung herself down as the easiest way of negotiating it. It was reported that she was killed, but she was only bruised, and reached home and babies safely.

Meanwhile the natives were firing wildly, but even such shots find a mark and soon some of the allies themselves were hit. Then began the comic side.

When the Raluanas saw some of their men shot,

they picked them up and fled home with them, fearing that the Rebers and Kininigunans would roast and eat them. The same idea occurred to the Rebers and Kininigunans when they saw their men down. What else could be expected of cannibals when they saw their ancient enemies helpless and at their mercy?

Besides, they were all hungry and the fight had revived their fiercest instincts.

Although they are all anxious to eat their enemies, they are ashamed when their own people are so treated, and the greatest disgrace one man can taunt another with is the boast, "I have eaten your father and your mother and all your relations."

So, in their eagerness to save the honour of the tribe, and distrustful of new-fashioned alliances, the combatants fled with their dead and wounded to their different districts and the whites had a brief respite.

Miti's eldest sister was the famous Queen Emma, who is said to have been the prettiest and cleverest girl in the South Seas. It was to carry out Queen Emma's idea of starting coco-nut plantations in New Britain that Mr. and Mrs. Parkinson left Samoa and settled here. Soon they recruited labour and started planting at Ralum.

Queen Emma amassed tremendous wealth and sold her plantations and stores to a German company for £175,000.

One evening, while I was gathering some of the frail red roses of the Tropics, Miti asked if I would like to see the family cemetery, which was on the other side of the road, just opposite the knoll on which the bungalow was built.

It was a beautiful place, circular in form, and

surrounded by palms, and the wide avenue leading to it gave a view of the sea.

" When my husband was dying, he planned this and was carried over in a long chair to supervise everything. Look, his grave is in the middle, facing the water, and I am to lie at his side. On the left the sons are to be buried, and the daughters on the right. While we were talking, my youngest son cried, ' Oh, mother, don't plant me there, with the other boys. Plant me at your feet.' He died soon after my husband, and he lies there, just near where my feet will be."

Looking at the crosses I noticed the name " Otto." I turned to her, puzzled.

" Otto ? I never heard of him."

Tears came into her dark eyes as she told me the tragic story.

" Otto was the handsomest of my sons and he was a great dandy. He loved to dress well and he got into debt. It was not a great deal of money he owed at Queen Emma's store, but she was hard and told his father, who was very severe and reproached him bitterly. Otto was like the Samoan chiefs, very high spirited. He could not bear shame and disgrace, so he took his own life.

" But it was my fault, my fault," she cried, the tears streaming down her face. " Before he was born, I was very unhappy, and when I was asked to guide an expedition against the natives I went, although Queen Emma said I should not go. But I did not value my life and hoped I would be killed, and that is why my son did not value his."

The rays of the setting sun fell on Otto's grave and

the roses I placed there. Poor Otto ! who flung his life away and rashly seized before the time was ripe the last and best gift of the gods.

As we walked away I begged her to tell me about Dolly, the one she loved best of all.

" Dolly has such sweet ways," she said, forgetting her sad thoughts, and adding proudly, " and she is so fair. But Nellie had the wild Samoan blood. Do you know "—she laughed merrily—" the Germans imprisoned her for a month ? "

" But why ? " I asked, only too glad to divert her thoughts from Otto.

" Well, you know Dr. Hahl wanted to marry Louisa, but Louisa would have nothing to do with him, so he went back to Germany and married one of his own countrywomen. However, he was always a great friend of ours and we saw a good deal of one another.

" Once when Dolly was about sixteen she went to stay at Government House, and there was a German officer there too. Dr. Hahl, when saying good-night, told him his room was to the left, and not to go to the right as that was Miss Parkinson's room. But, in the middle of the night, Captain Richter went to Dolly's room. Luckily her Samoan maid, who was sleeping on the floor, woke up and called out, and the wretch fled. Dolly was very frightened and insisted on coming home next morning.

" Unluckily I was away recruiting, and when Nellie heard of the insult she was furious. She got her riding-whip and rode into Rabaul to the club. When Captain Richter came out she demanded a written apology for his behaviour to her sister. He refused, so she gave him three lashes across the face."

" He deserved it," I said indignantly.

" Yes," agreed Miti, " but it caused a lot of trouble. Nellie was arrested, and although the Governor cabled to the Kaiser, explaining the circumstances and asking for her to be pardoned, the reply was that she was to be imprisoned for a month for insulting the imperial uniform."

" And what about Captain Richter ? "

" He had to leave the army because he had been struck in public by a woman."

" And what did Nellie do in prison ? "

" She did more sewing than ever before in her life," laughed Miti. " The naval officers, who were always our friends, sent her her meals. In fact, one night several of them broke into the prison and tried to persuade her to escape, but she refused. Then they were imprisoned too, so you see we had very exciting times in those days."

CHAPTER VII

THE POLITICAL SITUATION

THE islands of New Britain, New Ireland and Duke of York were discovered, named, and taken possession of by Englishmen, and Australian missionaries and British traders risked their lives when they settled among the fierce and treacherous cannibals.

But the German Government, and particularly the big German trading companies, saw that there was a wonderful and golden field for commercial operations in the islands of the South Seas, and so they planted their flag in these British possessions—ignoring all previous flags—and rechristened them Neu Pommern, Neu Mecklenburg and Neu Hannover.

Sir Thomas McIlwraith, the Premier of Queensland, protested against this aggression, but Queen Victoria's sympathies were in favour of Germany, and from 1886 to 1914 there grew up the flourishing colony known as the Südsee.

Some years before this, two Samoan women, Queen Emma and her sister, had started coco-nut plantations at Ralum, on the shores of Blanche Bay, and had put a certain amount of respect for authority into the woolly heads of the natives.

Among the big trading firms, the chief is the New Guinea Company, of which the ex-Kaiser is said to be

the largest shareholder, and it owns big stores, huge grants of land and extensive plantations.

The German policy with regard to the natives was severe, and in the early days cruel floggings were common. The contrast even to-day between the sullen and revengeful native of German New Guinea and the happy and fearless " brown brother " of British New Guinea is remarkable.

Rabaul has been occupied by Australians for the last six years and the natives there are consequently more independent, but away from the town, where the fear of their German masters still lingers, servility and fear exist.

The German Government did its utmost to help the settlers. Educated men with their wives were encouraged to come out and start plantations. Native police protection was afforded them in dangerous districts. Splendid roads run in all directions in the Gazelle Peninsula. The New Guinea Company built a fine hotel at Herbertshoe, now called Kokopo, and a sanatorium was erected on the heights of Toma, formerly Thelma. A wise and enlightened governor, Dr. Hahl, did his utmost for the wretched natives, floggings were abolished and only ten cuts from a cane allowed by law, and this had to be recorded with the date and all particulars. Areas of forest land were reserved among the plantations for their use, and they were to have free access to the roads and to the beach. Native gardens and coco-nut plantations were to be respected; but even to-day one can see quite plainly how deeply the fear of the German has bitten into the native mind. But a black man respects the master he fears. Even when a bibulous German, on his way

home from a merry night in the Kokopo hotel, fell, overcome by the wayside, the natives would carry him to the nearest bungalow and deposit him on the veranda, to the mutual surprise of host and guest when they met in the morning.

When the Great War began, the Germans in Rabaul promptly interned the few British there, but when the Australian force arrived the tables were turned. Why the Germans secured such excellent terms for themselves is somewhat of a mystery. A well-known writer who had recently visited the Gazelle Peninsula told the authorities that Rabaul was fortified, but not Kokopo. But the reverse was the case, and when the Australians landed at Kabakaul, near Kokopo, having for their objective the wireless station at Bita Paka, they found trenches dug on the road leading there and armed police boys hiding in the tops of the coco-nut palms, and a few young lives were lost.

All the German gold was hidden somewhere near Toma, but no one seems to know if it has been discovered or not. It would be interesting to find out the truth.

The commanding naval officer declared that he had been handed a written unconditional surrender, but this seems to have been ignored, and the military officer in command, bluffed by the ludicrous idea that there was a large native force in reserve somewhere, agreed to the terms that the Germans themselves drew up ! There were many of the elements of comic opera in the taking of Rabaul, and most who took part in it enjoyed it tremendously.

I could not but remember what my gardener, an

ex-B.R.N. seaman, told me of the event when I asked his experiences.

" Oh, ma'am," he said, looking very puzzled, " they all looted."

I didn't know before that officers looted !

I asked my friend, the Commander.

" Oh, no," he said, " the officers didn't loot. There was a report to that effect and one man was tried for it. We knew he could prove his innocence, so it was just as well for the case to go through. It was Captain X., a very decent fellow."

I thought it would be interesting to hear the military version, so I inquired of the Colonel's wife.

" Did Captain X. loot ? " she repeated. " Anyhow he shared the loot. His wife lived next to us and, when we all went in to afternoon tea, she showed us the loveliest things he had brought from Rabaul—linen pillow-cases, and tray-cloths with beautiful lace-work, and all sorts of treasures."

" But he was acquitted ? " I argued.

" Yes," she replied, " because he was warned beforehand that the house would be searched, and large boxes of loot were sent to his mother-in-law's the day before. I saw them go."

Why is truth at the bottom of a well ? It would be a much nicer world if it was where everyone could make use of it.

The most truculent Germans and their families were deported, after being accommodated in the best hotels in Sydney and receiving first-class passages, to the Fatherland. Among them was Dr. S., who was the leader in the outrageous flogging of an Australian missionary, but he was punished in a fitting manner

by being himself tied down to a box and publicly thrashed.

Meanwhile German civil law remains in force, but the Colony is under military rule and all authority is in the hands of the Administrator.

While the issue of the great struggle was—as they thought—doubtful, the German planters and traders were decidedly pugnacious, but now they have arrived at a phlegmatic condition and their chief aim is to save their plantations and possessions, which Australia will take over, deducting their value from her share of the German war indemnity.

" We would not mind if Australia would pay us for our plantations," they said over and over again.

" But why," I replied, " should Australia pay you when your Government fails to fulfil her compact? You will get a credit note on your own country and it is up to her to pay."

" She never will," they answered gloomily.

During these years of war, they have all made fortunes. I have met some of their wives who admitted laughingly that they had spent £1000 during a six months' visit to Sydney!

The most pathetic feature is the case of the Samoan women. Many of the Germans married half-caste Samoans, beautiful, good-hearted, hospitable women, who were excellent housekeepers and cooks, and who did yeoman service in managing the " labours " on the plantations. What will become of them? It would be a hard fate for these children of the Sunny South Seas to have to go and live in cold and meagre Germany. Fortunately the Government of Dutch New Guinea has offered the Germans special terms if they

will go and settle in their territory. Many will go to Java.

One planter exclaimed, " If I go out of this country penniless, I will be a wealthy man again in six years." This man is notorious even among the Germans for his cruelty to the blacks. One would like to know what labour conditions are in the Dutch Indies.

In Rabaul there are no newspapers. A little news filters through by wireless and is posted up at the post office, but the whole town is full of rumours—rumours of sudden deportations, of strikes, of wars—and so everyone listens with great attention to what everyone else says and wonders how much of it is true.

In reply to some question about deportation, a favourite subject for discussion at the hotel, I, a new-comer from the uncensored regions down South, was asked my opinion. I said, " The settlers who have been cruel to the natives will be deported first," and a long and thoughtful silence ensued.

Each German national—which elastic term includes not only a German by birth, but naturalized Germans too—will be allowed to take £50 cash for each member of his family and his goods, which in some instances have amounted to very many tons.

Following a wireless message about the high prices of footwear in Germany came a rumour of sudden deportation and the thrifty settlers promptly bought up all the boots and shoes at the various stores in Rabaul.

A curious scene took place one Sunday afternoon in the big drinking-hall of the Kokopo hotel. Many planters with their families had as usual motored up to drink coffee and beer and to hear the news. At one

of the big tables was the German representative of a Sydney tailoring firm. He had patterns of hot woolly tweeds spread out and was measuring the men for cold climate suits.

They were ordering three and four suits each at £20 apiece.

I was present once when a lady was pleading with the Administrator to allow the return of her relative, Dr. S.

" Dr. S. will never be allowed to return to Australia," said His Excellency with a steely gleam in his eyes. " He broke his parole and went to the Front, and he also refused to attend the Australian sick and wounded."

" Did others break parole ? " I inquired.

" Yes," he returned, " and they are all known."

A private letter from the late German Governor asked if the Australians were very bitter against the Germans, and if there was any chance of their being allowed to come back to their lovely homes in the Südsee. A number have already reached Java and are waiting there for permission to return.

This time of uncertainty has been borne by the settlers most philosophically. Many have expressed surprise that the " big firms " have not been taken over by the Federal Government before. They are quite resigned to this step—most of the shareholders being in the far-off Fatherland—but they think the " little people " should be left alone.

The Government Gazette of September 1st published the list of big firms to be liquidated, and a fortnight later the smaller firms and the properties of deceased persons, absentees and deportees were taken over.

In some cases relatives were retained as paid managers to carry on for a year, and all banking accounts could only be operated upon with the consent of the Administrator.

It was thought that, when the Prince of Wales and the Australian Fleet called here, a definite announcement would be made. But the Prince's visit was cancelled! Still we hoped for Mr. Hughes, and then came the news that his " marine picnic " was off.

However, we comforted ourselves with the report that the fleet would bring Sir Joseph Cook and Senators Millen and Pearce. Alas, even these lesser lights were denied us! We still held firmly to the fleet, but our last hope has failed and we are not even to have the fleet!

No Prince! No Premier! No Fleet! No Nothing!

One who knows says there is to be no Mandate even—or that the Mandate has been here all the time and we did not know it! It is dreadfully like Alice in Wonderland.

However, Mr. Lucas is here, and he seems to be everything and everybody rolled into one.

And 500 pigs are here waiting to be eaten, and *luluais* and natives from outlying districts to do sing-sings in honour of the Prince.

So we were all urged to come and make a good audience for the edification of the black population, and to give them a legitimate reason for eating those 500 pigs!

CHAPTER VIII

THE " LABOURS "

AT sunrise I used to get up and dress quickly so that I might see the " lines " and go over the plantation when " Bell oh ! " roused the " labours." They came from their huts and formed a long line before the house. Then Miti went out to inspect them and see if all were present.

She talked to them in a " sitrong " voice quite different from the melodious tones she generally used. I am afraid I shall never be able to talk effectively to *kanakas* unless I have a megaphone ! Then the " lines " were dismissed and went with their boss boys to do the work appointed for the day.

The next step was to doctor the sick. A group stood on one side with dirty bandages on their feet and legs. Working barefooted as they do, they often injure themselves with their hoes; these slight wounds are always neglected, and then they become poisoned. After treatment, they went to the sheds to cut copra, or do such light work as they could manage. It is illegal to make *kanakas* work if their condition demands rest.

The horse-boy stood waiting with the carriage, and we sprang in hastily, gallant little Juni never giving us time to get seated before she dashed down the drive, up the hill, and through the long rows of coco-nuts.

The land here is of pumice formation, not by any means ideal soil for coco-nuts, and the troublesome kunai grows everywhere.

The chief work of the " labours " was to hoe down this grass, and by the time they reached one end of the plantation the kunai at the other end was as high as ever. Sometimes they varied the hoeing by burning off the heaps of rubbish, or by gathering up the coco-nuts, which ripen and fall all the year round.

At eleven o'clock the welcome " Bell oh ! " calls them home and they have an hour and a half's spell, then back to work till four or five o'clock, or till their task is done.

The humane planter gives his " labours " ample time to prepare the evening meal, the chief one of the day, and to eat it before dark comes.

They love to sit round the fires, smoking and talking, but they are afraid of the dark and soon creep into their huts.

On moonlight nights they like to wander about and visit their friends, " go *limlimbur*," as they say. They carry a lantern or a burning coco-nut shell; the latter is useful, too, to light their pipes by and thus save precious matches.

It is becoming increasingly difficult to procure recruits, and, from the native point of view, why should they work when they have land, coco-nuts, fruit, taros, tapioca and fish? In fact, all they need, except tobacco, and they love tobacco.

The Bainings grow a kind of tobacco, but it is not nearly as popular as " nigger twist."

So they " mek pepper," that is, sign a contract to work for one, two or three years at five shillings a

month, two sticks of tobacco a week and matches, soap and *lava-lavas* once a month. They are provided with huts and native food. If sick, they must be sent to the hospital at the planter's expense. When their time is up they must be paid off before the *Kiap* either in money or trade goods, and after medical inspection they are shipped back to their own village.

Their chief reason for working on plantations is to be able to take a case of tobacco home with them. Then they are very celebrated people indeed and are able to buy a wife.

If punishment is necessary, they are fined by being deprived of tobacco, or they must work on Sunday, or be sent to the *Kiap*. Caning is illegal, but it is still done and many prefer to be caned rather than face the *Kiap*, who would probably let them off with a warning.

But in out-of-the-way plantations when a white man lives alone among perhaps two or three hundred wild *kanakas*, he must have some way of enforcing discipline. The reply of the authorities was that refractory " labours " might be " confined " but not struck. But it is impossible to imprison a man effectively in a native house made of sac-sac and coco-nut leaves, and so there are cases where the unhappy natives have been confined in a box and when released their limbs were cramped and useless.

Flogging still goes on and a rigid system of inspection is needed. Cruelty is not confined to any one nation, but the British, as a rule, have a finer sense of justice than any other race, and this is shown in their treatment of the blacks.

The " labours " are recruited from different places, and this precludes their uniting and rising against

their master. One tribe will betray the other. Besides, if the master is killed there is no one to protect the *kanakas* from the local free natives, so the planter is at the same time tyrant and protector.

The system of recruiting is cruel in many ways, but it has its good points. Properly regulated, it brings wild natives into contact with civilization, they have regular work and regular food and they improve in health and physique.

But the system robs the village of the strong young men and in many cases the population suffers.

The chief also takes advantage of it to get rid of anyone he dislikes or fears, for it is he who gives permission for the men to go, and he is usually paid for each recruit.

On the plantations there are sometimes hundreds of men and only a score of women. Often the " labour " leaves a wife and family behind and when he goes back all trace of them may be lost.

The new Australian code that is being drawn up urges the planters to recruit married couples, not men alone.

As a rule, there are very few children on the plantations and these are often badly affected with syphilis.

It is dangerous to employ only local " labours," for they have so frequently murdered the planter and his family, and in outlying districts the crime may not have been discovered for months.

When the *kanaka* has been able to buy a wife, she cultivates the garden and he becomes a gentleman of leisure. In Papua the young men wear tight belts to make the women think they have small appetites ! The wife's brother has more control over the family

than the father, who seems to be more or less an incident. The system of recruiting probably increases this characteristic by lessening still more the sense of paternal responsibility.

Children belong to the tribe and take their mother's nationality.

When native races come in contact with civilization they must make progress or die out. We take from them their tribal fights, their dances, their secret societies and initiation ceremonies and we give nothing to replace them. We certainly stop many of their cruel customs and free them from the atmosphere of fear.

They adore cricket and football, and a system of physical drill and organized games once a week would probably make plantation life more popular.

You cannot grow copra, sugar, rubber, rice, cotton, coffee, tea without black labour, so it is worth while to make conditions more inviting.

When Adam left the Garden of Eden he began to work, otherwise his race would have died out. No black race will survive after coming in contact with the white man unless it learns to work, and the best workers come from the fiercest tribes.

Many improvements are being made since the Australian Government took control. Depleted districts are " closed," that is, for a period no recruiting is permitted.

One Sunday morning Miti took me to see how the " labours " enjoyed their day of rest. Even while we sat at breakfast we could see them moving among the palms, laden with wild banana leaves, fruits, nuts and fish. Extra food was given out to them and also betel-nut.

We went into some of the boys' huts, which accommodated ten inmates and had floors of slender saplings raised two or three feet above the ground. Their beds are of the same material—hygienic but hard !

They object to raised floors because they like to sit and sleep round a fire, and that can only be made on the earth. Some get over the regulation rather ingeniously by leaving a kind of well or opening in one corner of the floor and down here they build their fire.

This morning everyone was busy cooking, just like children at play. The women were heating stones and tying up the food in banana leaves before putting it into the hot earth ovens. After eating as much as they can, and that is a very great deal, they will sleep, smoke or chew betel-nut.

The married " labours " have their own huts. Some are decorated with various " white-fellow " trifles, the most prized being a piece of looking-glass, and a few have tiny gardens.

Among the children toddling about was Big Bell, a fierce little Buka maiden of four years, attired simply in a bead necklace.

She was a granddaughter of one of Miti's original Bukas. She hated white people. Not even Mrs. Parkinson could win a smile from her, and she gave me such baleful glances ! If I got at all near, she would yell as if I were murdering her ! She even screamed in her dreams and disturbed the whole station.

It is dreadful when an epidemic comes. The sick " labours " are often shut up in their huts, for it is difficult to prevent them eating the food they crave, which might prove fatal.

Miti knew of many Samoan remedies, and she took great care of her people.

The coco-nuts are husked by being pressed against a sharp pointed stick set firmly in the ground. Then the shell is broken and the flesh taken out, usually in triangular pieces. This, when dried, is copra. The best copra is that dried in the sun, but there is always a shed where the larger portion is smoked. It is placed on trays and soon becomes discoloured.

I hope the coco-nut products we eat are prepared in some cleaner fashion!

Next it is put in bags and stored till the time comes for shipping it away.

The price varies very much. During the war it rose to £80 a ton. In August, 1920, it was £40, and a few months later down to £12.

It was very interesting when the steamer anchored off Kuradui and the business of getting away the copra began.

The boys were told if they worked hard and until late at night they should have an extra "Sunday" next day. So they tried to show how "sitrong" they were, and carried two sacks at a time on their shoulders, and ran shouting along the steep path down the cliff, glancing at the veranda to see if the "White-fellow missus" noticed their prowess.

Miti was rather harassed because the steamer would only stay twenty-four hours and the sheds were full of copra, which soon deteriorates. One never knew how long it would be before another opportunity of shipping it came.

Luckily some friends sent their waggons and Java water-buffaloes, and loading went on more quickly.

They were such big prehistoric-looking animals, with queer elephant-like hides and wonderfully eccentric horns. I went out to see them closer, but I soon came in again, for it was too painful. Some had broken horns, hanging down and bleeding and other marks of ill-usage and neglect, and they looked at me with patient, reproachful eyes.

The black is like a child with animals, he may love them, but he tortures them all the same.

Here in New Britain they kill the pigs by a slow process of strangulation, tying string round their snouts. In Papua they roast even their pet pigs and dogs alive, and the slower the process is and the more the poor victims howl, the greater is their joy.

Yet these pigs may have been nourished as piglings by the black mothers, who let their own babies go hungry in consequence !

One lady told me she could not endure the squeals of one poor pig any longer, so she rode down and shot it, but the natives were so furious that they nearly killed her.

Anything in the shape of animal food is eaten : dead puppies and kittens, a horse that fell a victim to some mysterious fate—all went down the red lane !

Once when we came home from a drive, the population of Kuradui was down on the beach. We went to the cliff and looked over. They had caught a dugong and were cutting it up and dividing it, and how they feasted ! Even the " Maries " and the dogs ate too much, and were dreadfully sleepy and stupid in consequence.

The dugong has a backbone and ribs like a bullock's,

and the joints cut off were just like sirloins with red flesh and yellow fat.

The young men are great dandies. Most of their attention is given to their hair, which is fuzzy and bleached with lime. Sometimes it is left quite white, or with " pepper and salt " tints, but they love to vary the shade, and sometimes it is a brilliant blue (thanks to Reckitts !) or red with ochre, or green from some vegetable juices, or yellow or magenta !

Sigas was rather artistic and he used to make his hair match his *lava-lava*. Generally he preferred a rather æsthetic shade of green, and with his mossy coloured hair and *lava-lava* he wore garlands round his neck and arms of green ylang-ylang. The effect was very fine indeed and no one enjoyed it more than Sigas !

Another dandy chose to be a harmony in black and white. He was a Buka, so his colour scheme began with his sooty skin and the flashing white of his eyes and teeth. The addition of a white *lava-lava* with black checks, a necklace of animals' teeth, white hibiscus flowers stuck over his ears, and forming garlands over his chest and round his arms, made a very picturesque study.

Many of the German planters took unfair advantage of their " labours " by making them sign on for another term when their time was up. Sometimes the *kanakas* were guilty of stealing a fowl or a pig, and, terrified of being sent to the *Kiap*, they would promise to " mek pepper " again if they were let off. An experienced boy is naturally of much more value than a raw native.

I remember seeing one boy who after three years'

service was thus coerced into signing another three years' contract.

He came forward jauntily, a red hibiscus over each ear; he was free, he was going back to his own people, with happy visions of a garden and a wife.

When he refused to sign on again, the planter said sternly: "What about that pig you killed two years ago?" The poor fellow looked at him with startled eyes, his body seemed to crumple, he glanced wildly to right and left as if seeking for help. The planter continued: "If you sign on, I will not send you to the *Kiap*. If you don't sign, then you go to Kalabus."

The boy collapsed and sat huddled up on the ground with dull eyes. He had forgotten all about that wretched theft. He remembered now how tempted he had been when that fat little pig ran past him in the long grass, and how invitingly it squealed as if to remind him what a delicious *kaikai* roast pig was.

Fool that he was, he had sold his liberty for a mess of roast pig, and it would be many, many moons before he would see his native village again—if ever!

CHAPTER IX

THE " MARIES " OF KURADUI

THE head " Mary " was called Grete. She was very capable and devotedly attached to Mrs. Parkinson, but at times fierce traits from her savage parents showed how thin was the veneer of civilization.

Nearly twenty years ago there was trouble in San Matias. The Germans sent an expedition to punish the islanders, some of whom were captured and brought back to the Kalabus at Kokopo. Among them was a woman who, before dying of fever and fright, gave birth to a baby girl.

The Governor sent for Mrs. Parkinson and begged her to take the starving little baby.

" I am afraid it will die," she said.

" It only has one chance in life," replied the Governor, " and that is your care."

So Miti took the wailing mite of humanity home and showed it to her husband.

" It is not going to sleep in our bedroom," he said, looking at it with aversion.

" Very well," said Miti cheerfully, " I'll sleep with it in the rice-house."

Of course he gave way.

Miti fed it by tying rag over the neck of a bottle of milk, and for three months it slept in her motherly

arms. It began to thrive and grew into a strong and healthy child. Grete was very jealous of anyone to whom her mistress showed affection.

Solanki, my bedroom "Mary," was a married woman, but, in her younger days, she so frequently "went bush" with other natives that her husband eventually "threw her away," so she now leads a very happy and independent existence. She was very good-natured and protected the young "Maries" from Grete's ill-humour. It was quaint to see her making my bed and smoking a big pipe, which she would hide quickly when I appeared.

The house "Maries" were all very clean. They bathed in the sea every day, and when it rained they used to rush to the overflowing spouting and have shower baths. Their hair was closely cropped and they wore *lava-lavas* and blouses. Their necklaces were of beads or animals' teeth. They had very pretty arms and necks, so round and slender, and tiny, claw-like hands. Their duties were fairly light, dusting, sweeping, attending to the table, washing up, darning and mending, massaging their mistress and manicuring her nails.

Miti took great care of them. If she went away for any length of time, all the unmarried "Maries" went too. If it was only for a short stay, her faithful old Buka, Aroa, and his wife came and slept at the bungalow to protect them.

The married "Maries" who lived in the huts near used to scrub the whole house with sand, but, as the sand-flies in consequence gave me a bad time, a change was made and lemons were substituted. They were very large lemons, and a big baker's basket full would

be lavishly used each time. They made everything beautifully clean.

Sweet-tempered Lotti was a Sulka. When I was leaving she murmured tearfully a kind of incantation. When I inquired what she meant she said shyly, " Me spek good-bye."

Nina, a plump little darky with sparkling eyes, is going to be a coquette and I see very lively times ahead for her and Mrs. Parkinson !

Yatil is the " punkah Mary " and she is rather shunned by the others. She has the ugliest face I have ever seen, and she is so conscious of it that she always turns it away and I know her best by the back of her head. It is pathetic to see her, pulling the punkah rope, with her face against the wall.

Her mother misconducted herself with the chief and was going to kill the poor baby, but Mrs. Parkinson intervened and took care of it.

The older " Maries " used to sweep the paths around the house with brooms made of coco-nut leaves and cut the grass with rusty hoop-iron. How they would have rejoiced in a lawn-mower !

When we went away for a drive the " Maries " used to have lovely times, sleep as much as they liked, have a good look all through my belongings and try on my clothes ! But they were quite honest, and the only thing I ever missed was thin slices cut off my soap by Solanki, who evidently approved of my choice ! When we came home they would all turn out with beaming smiles to welcome us and carry in our belongings.

Sometimes there was trouble and then they were whipped. That was horrible, but Mrs. Parkinson,

though just, was strict and maintained discipline throughout the plantation.

She flogged the *kanakas* too, and to me it was amazing that these wild men should stand submissively and be caned by a woman.

Once she was much disturbed and said to me : " It is dreadful, I sent for Tana to come and be flogged, and he ran away. I never heard of such a thing in my life ! I do not know what is coming to the natives."

Malila was a naughty little " Mary " with evil eyes. She was not given the freedom of the house like the others, but when her services were needed she worked on the steps or on the other side of the palm tree.

One morning I washed my hair-brushes; the operation took, I think, about two and a half minutes. The " Maries " were immediately obsessed with the idea of washing their mistress's brushes too.

They got the largest enamelled basin they could find, and four of them squatted round it on the veranda, and with copious supplies of hot water and the lavish use of several cakes of soap they spent a couple of happy hours. Every other " Mary " as she went by was asked to give her opinion as to the state of perfection the brushes had arrived at. The piccaninnies had never seen so much lather in all their lives—and probably never would again ! They laughed with glee when little soapy bubbles were flicked at them to sparkle with rainbow lights on their black skins. When Grete passed she clouded the joy of the proceedings by remarking that anyhow there was " plenty too much " soap.

Aroa, the old Buka, was rather feeble, but he was trustworthy, and in Mrs. Parkinson's absence he was

responsible for the plantation and the " labours," and he would also conduct the markets. Everyone seemed to have a very easy time when he was in charge, but nobody complained.

His wife was Kakun, very, very ugly, but most respectable and austere.

Aroa once went on a holiday to Buka, where his chief presented him with a young wife and did all he could to induce him to remain. Faithless Aroa forgot all about Kakun and her numerous piccaninnies, and when eventually recalled to Kuradui all he said was " *Maski.*"

Bomate was a quaint old thing, with a kindly face. She had been a devoted nurse to Miti's children and now she was a favoured pensioner, getting cups of tea and extra dainties, for she was very frail.

She used to sit in the kitchen veranda and sew red parrot feathers to form a kind of kilt that was a distinctive feature in the gala dress of the Samoan chief class.

There was a young " bush Mary " that used to come occasionally. She had the sturdier build of the open-air worker and frank, merry eyes.

I once asked why she did not live in the house.

" She has a mother to protect her and so she lives with her. The house ' Maries ' are orphans, and some of them were slaves."

One night Miti held court on the veranda. She sat in her big chair, heard the evidence and gave the verdict with judicial impartiality. In English and Australian police courts there is often levity and cheap witticism even when cases of serious import are being tried. There was nothing but the utmost gravity here.

The sewing woman was on trial and the husband insisted that her lover should pay *tambu*.

Lots of witnesses came, the women sat to the left and the men to the right of the big rocking-chair. Miti's heart was with the lover, for husband and wife were both bad characters and there were suspicions of blackmailing.

" However," she said, " justice must be done."

The female culprit sat on her heels, her face bent down, looking very much ashamed. So did the lover, a fine young fellow, who stood with his face turned aside.

The husband was an evil-faced man, and I am afraid no one sympathized with him, but still the law had to be upheld.

The different witnesses were very solemn, they look upon a breach of marriage as very serious. The fathers and mothers were present, and they seemed to feel the gravity of the position, or was it partly the love the natives have for anything in the form of a ceremony ?

The evidence seemed to ramble a good deal, and one hoary old man told of various scandals in connection with the police boys, who appear to be a very bad lot. In fact when any Kuradui women are sent to the hospital, Miti tells their husbands to go and stay with them to protect them.

When all the evidence was given, Miti pointed out that the woman was the tempter and suggested that her husband should hold her, while she gave her a horse-whipping; but he said he had thrashed her already.

Miti reminded them that they could take the case to the D.O., who would put both transgressors in

Kalabus, but, as the patriarch pointed out, the woman would be at the mercy of the police boys and that would still further complicate matters.

Eventually it was decided that the young man should pay 10*s*. fine, half of what the husband demanded.

This was paid, they shook hands, and the three went off together, the best of friends !

CHAPTER X

RECRUITING IN THE *WING*

THERE was a dearth of "labours." Time-expired boys refused to renew their contracts and went gaily back to their native villages.

The new regulations said each boy was to have a box with a lock—the expense to the planters at present prices was rather appalling. But the pile of boxes under the cook-house veranda excited much joy among the "labours" and they were very keen to get possession. They like to take some trade goods home with them, especially a knife or tomahawk, a frying-pan, a billy, a lantern, a hat, and a money-box. Why they want a money-box when they have spent all their money passes a white person's dull comprehension, but they seem to find a mysterious joy in locking and unlocking it.

When Mrs. Parkinson said she would have to take the *Wing* on a recruiting trip, I joyfully agreed to accompany her. All sorts of preparations were made. We took a large bag full of shillings, which are practically the only coins used here, and which would be needed to grease many a black palm, and also quantities of tobacco. Then stores of food and drinks were prepared.

The *Wing* is a tiny launch with erratic engines, and the little deck just had room for my long chair on one side and Mrs. Parkinson's mattress on the other. The

" Maries " and the luggage fitted in anywhere and the boys were all down below.

We started at some unearthly hour when the palms were shrouded in the grey veil of dawn, but as we crossed the rough waves of Blanche Bay the sun rose, and by the time we were under the volcanoes, on the opposite side of the water, the world was full of sunshine.

Soon breakfast was ready and we had a delightful meal, Mrs. Parkinson telling incidents of former trips as the launch went gaily over the sunlit sea.

During the morning we landed somewhere on the north coast of the Gazelle Peninsula and took on board an ancient *luluai* of the name of Noah. He promised numerous recruits, but, alas, they never materialized !

We saw a shoal of fish hurrying along and leaping out of the water in their fright. Evidently they were being pursued by a large fish. The boss boy threw in a plug of dynamite and secured some, which were delicious and made a welcome addition to our table.

Before us was a little island covered with palms and other trees. Around it were reefs and it was hard to find an anchorage. Finally we discovered an opening and the anchor was lowered.

Miti and I, with the " Maries " and a couple of boys, went off in the dinghy. The rest jumped into the water, swam and dived and thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

We rowed over the loveliest sea gardens, for it was very shallow near the shore, and we could see beautiful growths of coral, sea-weeds, brightly coloured little fish, crabs and all sorts of queer things just below us.

Soon the boys jumped out and walked, dragging the dinghy along.

We landed under some big, overhanging trees, and then we followed a little track that eventually led us to the village.

We were received by the elder men, who knew Miti, with quiet ceremony. We sat and rested on the fallen trunk of a tree and soon the rest of the villagers grew bolder and gathered round.

Miti spoke to them in their own dialect and at last turned to me and explained that the island was " closed," so we could get no recruits there.

" We must buy something," she said; " they will be glad of the money."

They quickly brought whole tortoise-shells, and nautilus and trochus shells, which the " Maries " packed away in baskets of plaited coco-nut leaves.

I had brought a small doll with me and looked around for the best one to give it to. I noticed a poor little boy limping along and covered with terrible sores. I offered it to him, but he screamed with fright. With him was a dear little girl, not much older than himself, who was like a little mother to him, holding his hand, and helping him tenderly. I felt she deserved the doll, and she received it with beaming smiles.

But the men had caught sight of it and snatched it away. I was wondering what would happen next, but luckily they seemed to approve of it. Two held it aloft in a spread-eagle fashion by its arms and legs, and the others came and touched it wonderingly, giving vent to loud guttural cries of " Hech," expressive of admiration and surprise.

They did not seem inclined to part with it and the

little girl's face began to grow rather wistful, so I held out my hand for it and said firmly: "Him belong *lik-lik* Mary."

Her little face lit up with joy as I handed the doll back to her.

Instead of returning to the *Wing* in the dinghy, we went in canoes, escorted by most of the villagers, who walked where the water was shallow, but swam as it deepened.

Then away we sailed, but soon the sky became overcast, the wind blew and down came the rain. It was very nice to think of sleeping on deck in fine weather, but in this heavy downpour it was impossible.

Luckily Miti had foreseen everything.

"We'll put in at Kabaira for the night," she said. "I sent a runner to my niece Ettie, saying we would come to her for shelter if the weather changed. She will probably send a carriage to meet us."

We had plenty of wraps and kept as dry as we could, although the warm rain of the Tropics is not so trying as that of higher latitudes.

The daylight had faded and in the rain it was difficult to see landmarks. We had reached a wide bay and somewhere along its shores was Kabaira.

Miti and the boys were looking for a light. We cruised about, but the shores remained dim and grey.

"We'll have fever if we are out in the rain all night," murmured Miti.

Then, suddenly, one of the boys saw a light and we headed towards it.

Miti soon announced what it was, a carriage lantern, swung to and fro to attract our attention.

It was difficult landing in the dark, especially as

there are crocodiles on the north coast, and I was relieved when we were safely ashore.

The " Maries " were sent off under a trustworthy boss boy, and told to hurry to the station as fast as they could and all to keep together.

Then we got into the little carriage and drove through the lines of coco-nuts until we came to an avenue nearly two miles long bordered with mango trees that met overhead.

It was very dark, and queer sounds came to us through the heavy patter of the rain.

Presently the mangoes gave place to bamboos and we seemed to drive through a tunnel. It was the weirdest place and I longed to see it in daylight.

Then we came to the bungalow and received a warm welcome from Mrs. Kaumann, my friend's niece.

Soon her women brought in our suit-cases, and after a hot bath and a change of raiment we felt very gay indeed.

Miti announced that she was going to sleep in the guest-house and that I was to share Mrs. Kaumann's room.

" Only be careful of the gilliau," our hostess said as she was hurrying away to see if her aunt had everything. " Or, better still, I will shut him up; he is sure to attack you."

It was a quaint contrast to be in this well-appointed bungalow after our buffetings in the storm. It was furnished rather after German ideas with heavy chairs and sofas and solid-looking cabinets and bookcases. The dining-room was very inviting with its snowy cloth, and its silver and glass gleaming in the lamplight. We sat down and began to eat and talk.

Mrs. Kaumann's husband was in Germany. He had made himself very obnoxious to the Australian Government and there was no likelihood of his ever being allowed to return. The conversation soon turned to the Mandate, and the Expropriation Board.

Mrs. Kaumann was trying to divorce her husband, and claimed half of the property as her own. His half would certainly be taken over by the Board, but she hoped to retain hers.

We went to bed late and then we talked until it was early again ! All night the rain swished gustily round the bungalow.

Mrs. Kaumann had travelled a great deal and had spent some years in Europe, so we had plenty of topics to discuss.

The next day dawned bright and sunny. After my bath I went to the dressing-table and then the gilliau got me !

There was a sudden flight through the air of vivid blue and yellow, and then a furious bird dug its claws into my hair and pecked me hard on the head !

My exclamations soon brought in my hostess, who seized the fury and flung him out of the door.

" I'm so sorry," she cried. " You see, he will never allow anyone to touch anything belonging to me, and I suppose he thought you were going to use my brushes."

Meanwhile the gilliau had come back to the open window, where he began making rude remarks.

" If you will stay until I get my hair up," I said, coiling it quickly, " I won't mind; but he tangles it so dreadfully."

Then she gave me a little whip, which I shook at the

gilliau, who got into a violent rage and chattered hard at me. By degrees we made friends and I convinced him that I was perfectly honest, though appearances were against me.

He was a lovely bird, with feathers of a bright shade of royal blue, the bluest of blues. His beak, feet and legs were bright yellow. He was larger than a magpie, more slender and graceful, and had a long tail. He talked beautifully and could scream most ear-splittingly !

He had an uncanny way of reading people's thoughts, and loved to annoy a nervous lady visitor by perching on the back of her chair, screaming suddenly, or giving her ear a tweak.

When Mrs. Kaumann went out, she would say good-bye to him and he would fly away to the forest. He never stayed in the house without her. Returning, she had only to whistle and back he would come.

He generally shared the meals, running about on the table and eating from our plates. He was very annoyed if you offered him dry bread and would spit it out promptly, but he liked it spread with butter.

He would sip the wine, generally taking too much and getting very unsteady on his legs ! Finally he would roll over on his back in a state of helpless intoxication with his claws waving foolishly in the air.

Mrs. Kaumann took me into her garden and to the summer-house, from which one had a view of the coast. Tears came into her eyes as she gazed on the lovely scene.

" I made this plantation," she said, " and I may lose it all. The German Government would never

refund the value of our lands to us Samoans. And how could we, a dark race, live in Germany ? "

" But Mr. X. of the Expropriation Board is an old friend of your people. He will be sure to explain about the Samoan women, and justice will be done."

" Yes," she said more happily; " he has often stayed in my house as a welcome guest and he has known me from a child. He will surely remember the old days and do his best for us."

" You are not German in your sympathies, are you ? "

" No, we are Samoans. I married a German. We half-caste Samoans have white blood in our veins and so we could only marry white men; besides, we are of the chief class. When the Germans took possession of these islands, we stayed on just the same, and in many cases I suppose they married us to get our plantations. If we are expropriated, I do not know what I shall do. I have no friends in Germany. My life is here."

These years of uncertainty are indeed very harassing for the Samoan women.

Saying good-bye, we drove down to the shore, through the wonderful green tunnel of bamboos which seemed like a living cage.

Sailing westward, we next landed at a swampy village near the mouth of a big river. The village seemed deserted, evidently the inhabitants were away working in their gardens or gathering coco-nuts. After wandering about we came at last to a hut rather larger than the others whose owner was at home. He was a native teacher, trained by the Methodist Mission, and he and Miti had a long business talk about recruits.

Then she joined me and we walked farther on and

found a queer little store owned by a Chinaman. He used to buy copra from the natives and sell it at a higher price to a trader.

On the outskirts of the village we saw a dreadful sight. Lying on a mat was a poor woman suffering from leprosy. She was in a pitiable condition, and what made it still more horrible was that she was taking care of the village babies whose mothers had gone to work in their gardens. The happy little mites were crawling over her, unconscious of the appalling cruelty of her kindness.

Miti drew me away.

" We can't help and it is not wise to linger. There are too many mosquitoes."

It was a relief to get back to the *Wing* and go sailing over the clean salt water.

The sun was setting as we ate our dinner, and now we steered for Kuradui.

The moon rose, a long silvery pathway lay over the calm sea and the palms on the shore waved their dark leaves gently in the breeze.

Sometimes we saw the light of fires in little villages, and sometimes natives would come down to the beach to look at the strange boat that was out so late.

A warm breeze fanned us, and we glided gently on through the silent night, as if we were in an enchanted world that held nothing but our fairy barque, the silvery sea, the dark palms on the shore and the golden moon riding serenely overhead.

CHAPTER XI

NEW BRITAIN AND ITS INHABITANTS

NEW BRITAIN is an irregular crescent-shaped island about 300 miles long and varying from, probably, 20 to 50 miles in width. With the exception of a few young plantations scattered along the coast-line, only the Gazelle Peninsula, one-sixth of the total area, is settled.

A beautiful road leads from Rabaul to Kokopo, twenty miles distant; then there are branches going to Toma, to Kabakaul, to Bita Paka, to Namalili, to Put Put. Others lead to the north coast, to Kabakada and to Kabaira. Dr. Hahl, the late German Governor, believed in roads as a civilizing agency, and all along the highways one is safe. Ten or twenty miles away are wild natives, probably cannibals.

My hostess took me to spend a few days at Toma. We motored up, but sent the carriage—that is, the buggy, but all vehicles are carriages here—on before with a horse-boy and a " Mary."

We drove through coco-nut plantations, and away from the sea, inland toward the hills. Soon coco-nut was succeeded by rubber, big dark trees, under which was a gloom like night. Some of this land belongs to a planter whose wife was murdered by the natives eighteen years ago. He dismissed his guard of police boys too soon, and one morning, hearing great tumult,

he rode back to the house to find his wife being tomahawked on the doorstep. He heard her dying voice pronounce his name and then he fled, pursued by the yelling horde. He has lived there ever since, and the stains of blood remained on the steps until obliterated by the merciful action of time and weather.

A young niece of Miti's, who afterwards married a German named Schultze, was also there, and after being tomahawked in the shoulder, she escaped to the kitchen and cowered behind the door. They soon discovered her, but fortunately the leader recognized her, and telling his followers that it was a " piccaninny belong Miti," he forbade them to injure her further.

As we rode past the dwelling, which had a sinister air of tragedy and neglect, in spite of its owner being one of the richest men in the country, the still lingering horror of the past seemed to grip us.

Soon came stretches of forest and native villages, and all the time, as we mounted higher and higher, the air grew fresher, and at last we reached Toma.

It was delightful to wake up in the morning feeling cool and dry. From the verandas of the hotel could be seen the summits of many mountains and the gleam of sea in the distance. Quite close was the steep ascent of Wartsinn visible for many miles on all sides and where a monument to Bismarck was to have been erected.

After an early breakfast we set out in the carriage and drove along a road that seemed to have been forgotten, for it showed no signs of traffic. It wound along the hill-side; on our right was the steep rise covered with ferns and forest trees, and on our left a precipitous descent with here and there native gardens.

There are no rivers in the Gazelle Peninsula, but away in the distance, hidden by the blue morning haze, my friend said there were big rivers, and beyond them were the North and South Bainings, mountain ranges where no whites had been and which were inhabited by a very wild people called by the same name, very few of whom had been in any degree tamed.

One heard dreadful stories of their doings. They were really a very stupid race, and they were often victimized by the cleverer beach natives, who insisted on their providing them with food, slaves, and often a number of their women to act as wailers for the dead.

When the beach natives wanted a large number of slaves, they would send a deputation to the Bainings offering peace. The simple Bainings would collect their taros and go hopefully down from their mountains. The wily beach people would stay in their canoes and invite them to wade out. Then they would put their arms affectionately round the necks of the Bainings and clasp them firmly in a close embrace. Gradually the canoes would drift farther and farther from the shore and, for the unhappy victims who could not swim, it was only a question of death or slavery. After such a history it is no wonder the Bainings are cruel and revengeful.

Frequently we had to dismount, for during the rainy season little streams had worn deep channels across the road, and our carriage was nearly broken to pieces each time we crossed them. There was very little water anywhere, and what there was looked brown and unwholesome.

Many of the natives had huge goitres, due perhaps to the water with its decaying vegetation.

The people came running out of the villages as they heard the carriage. Everywhere Miti was recognized and glad cries of " Miti, Miti " resounded. Mothers held up their children that they might see her, withered old women got as near to her as they could, and the *luluais* shook hands gravely.

Miti knew everybody, inquired after their families and circumstances, sympathized with their griefs and smiled benevolently on them all. Sometimes she asked them to do some small service, search for a fern or a flower, and they eagerly assented.

As we passed beneath some huge, spreading trees with numerous aerial roots dropping from the lofty branches to the ground, Miti stopped. It was here that the unfortunate victims of cannibal feasts were tied. Many years ago she, guarded by two Buka boys, was roaming about, searching for plants, when she discovered a wretched woman patiently waiting her gruesome fate. Men came up and tied a piece of string on the part of the body that they wished to eat. The Bukas hurried Miti away, for it was dangerous to linger and impossible to help.

Another time she saw in one of the villages a roasted body—the natives had fled, for they are ashamed to be seen at their cannibal feasts.

Once some cooked human flesh was sent to her. She said it smelt delicious, something between roast pork and roast veal. Her native nurse was mad to get it, and it was with great difficulty that she managed to bury it where she could not find it. For three days the " Mary " was almost beside herself, so that evidently the cannibal craving is a very difficult one to overcome.

Later on, Miti was able to rescue many victims.

In one case two women were captured and the chief kept them and allowed the men of the tribe who paid *tambu* to abuse them, particularly the elder one, who at the end of two months was dying of exhaustion, so they killed her and ate her. The younger woman was favoured by the chief and not treated so badly. One day a young man came to Miti and said he wished to save the girl and marry her and begged for her help.

" Bring thirty fathoms of *tambu* to pay the chief and then fetch her here," said Miti in the native tongue.

The young man soon brought the girl, who was strong and fine-looking, and very soon the chief appeared to claim his property.

Miti spoke sternly to him, assured him she would never give up the girl, but that the young lover was willing to pay a handsome price, and this he eventually agreed to take. These natives are keen traders and they stand by their bargains. When the chief had accepted payment the girl was perfectly safe.

The young women are rather handsome, they are well-formed, with beautiful arms, straight backs and well-set heads covered with short fuzzy hair. They carry themselves in a stately manner, but they have to work hard in the gardens, carry heavy burdens, look after the children and so they soon age. The old women are very pathetic; thin, badly nourished, overworked, for them life has no comforts and few joys. The boys and youths usually go about in pairs, with their arms round one another's shoulders—David and Jonathan over again. The deepest friendships are always between men rather than women.

After meals there is never a trace of food left in the

huts. This custom probably has its origin in some wise hygienic law that has been forgotten. If there is any over it is put in a basket and carried about. It is dangerous to leave food in one's dwelling, for an enemy might poison it or cast a spell.

The natives live in an atmosphere of fear, they are afraid of the dark, of spirits, of the *duk-duk*, of snakes and of the District Officer.

Mr. Parkinson gained much of his ascendancy over them through understanding their point of view. Once they begged him to destroy an evil spirit that haunted a water-hole. He threw in a plug of dynamite, with the result that a number of dead eels came to the surface, and he earned the undying gratitude of the village.

When a native does wrong, the chief is responsible; all complaints must be made to him and he will fine the culprit.

Mr. Parkinson was at first greatly annoyed by thefts. A friendly chief explained he must steal something from the tribe and keep it until his own property was returned.

Mr. Parkinson took the lesson to heart, and when the next robbery occurred he promptly annexed his black friend's canoe.

The result was his property was soon restored. But he had to purloin the canoe so frequently that at last the chief found it more convenient to appoint a man to guard Mr. Parkinson's place, and then there was no further trouble.

In one district of New Ireland to-day there are no children under ten. Three or four years ago there was a severe famine there and all the young children

were eaten. None have been born since. When questioned as to the scarcity of children the *luluais* reply, " Mary no like."

Not far from Rabaul a father was annoyed at the persistent crying of his little son and in a rage chopped off his head. Then the whole family ate the corpse. So even near the white settlements the cannibal instinct still survives.

The women are not very anxious to have children. A family adds to their burdens, and their men-folk give them very little help. So they make use of various preventive herbs, of which they know about twenty.

Drums play an important part in village life. They are made of a section of hollow trunk and there is an organized system of signals. A chief can always be summoned back to his village if any trouble breaks out, or warning given when an enemy appears.

Soon after German New Guinea passed into Australian hands, the missionaries appealed to the Federal authorities to stop the flogging of natives. It was prohibited, and this news was spread far and wide throughout the islands in a few hours by means of drum signals.

When death visits a family, the survivors mourn for some time, especially the mothers, and they blacken their faces with roasted galip nuts, which give a fine oily black.

With us " a grandmother's funeral " is often a nice excuse for a few days' leave, but with these natives the plea is that they have to " sleep on the dead," and this is sometimes one of the objections to employing local labour with a large circle of family connections.

The mourners literally do "sleep on the dead," lying on top of the shallow grave to prevent the spirit rising, which would do them harm in various ways. Ten days after death there is no longer any danger and then the funeral feast takes place.

The spirits of slaves were particularly feared, for, famished and tortured as the poor wretches were in life, their ghosts were bound to be most malignant. When a man was slow in dying, and his relatives grew impatient, they did not hesitate to sit on him and thus hasten the end.

Native markets are held every three days, sometimes on the beach, on cross-roads, under shady trees, wherever there is a wide space. They are chiefly frequented by women and children, but the men do not disdain to bring in their copra for sale.

The baskets are made of plaited coco-nut leaves; of small size for the men and with an armhole, so that they can hang them from their shoulders under their arms, thus leaving their hands free to hold their weapons. The women's baskets are much larger and are suspended from their heads by a long loop of string. The bush natives bring cooked food, taros, corn-cobs, tapioca, sugar-cane, nuts, yams, spinach, coco-nuts, betel-nut, pepper, bananas, pawpaw, pine-apples, oranges, limes, breadfruit, mangoes, eggs. The small wares are neatly wrapped in wild banana leaves and tied with the various kinds of string that abound everywhere.

The beach natives bring a soft red stone, probably ochre, from the volcano and useful as a dye, little bags of lime made by burning coral, and canoe-loads of fish.

Miti holds regular markets to buy food for her " labours " and to get copra. The people come very early, often while we are at breakfast, and as they are quite near our open-air dining-room, they vary the monotony of waiting by having peeps at me. They bring their children with them, and some of the babies yell when I go near them. They probably think white people horrible to look at. In some parts of Papua the natives fainted from horror when they first saw white men.

Miti sits enthroned in a big rocking-chair on the veranda, with one of her head Buka boys and the " Maries " near, together with plenty of silver and trade tobacco. The women squat below in crowds, each one having a little pile of her wares in front of her. There is no haggling. The sellers state their prices, the " Maries " carry off the goods as they are sold, and the women pick up the tobacco and shillings as they are thrown on the ground and then stand by to watch the rest of the market. Miti always has time to hear their tales of woe, or to raise a laugh by her witticisms.

Sometimes they brought me little trifles, and in return they loved to get old blouses, singlets, boxes or even needles and pins. They shared everything most generously.

Frequently a *luluai* would grace the market with his presence. He would wear a hat. Sometimes a small boy's cap of the cheeky pork-pie variety would be perched ludicrously on a dignified fuzzy head. The Government is making use of these men and giving them a small salary and increasing their authority, which must be used in the interest of law and order.

These *luluais* wear a cap with a red band and are very important.

Holes are made in the beach to collect fresh water, and this is carried away in coco-nut shells. Sections of hollow bamboo are used to carry salt water for cooking purposes.

There is a certain regard for hygiene. We saw one woman get water and drink by putting her mouth to the coco-nut shell, instead of holding it high and letting the water trickle out by a little hole.

"Ah," said Miti with a sigh of disgust, "she is getting civilized and dirty."

Occasionally the mothers feed quite young babies with masticated spinach and taro. They chew it up well in their own mouths and then, with one finger, put it into the baby's mouth. It is an unpleasant process to watch, and to experience, if one can judge by the cries of the babies, sometimes only a few days old. But, when thus feeding the baby, the mother uses that one finger for this purpose and nothing else.

The mothers continue to nurse their children until they are three and four years old, for there are no patent babies' foods in New Guinea. It is a tragedy when a mother dies in childbirth, for the baby is buried alive in her grave. It is, perhaps, more merciful than to let the little one slowly starve to death. Besides, the crying infuriates the men, for native children seldom cry. Sometimes another mother will feed the little one, and, more pathetic still, sometimes the old grandmother, in desperation, will give her breast and, strange to say, the persistent efforts of the starving babe will cause the milk to flow, although she may not have had a child for years.

They all love smoking and a mother will put her pipe into the mouth of a six-months-old child, just to let it get into the habit. I have seen a tiny girl of three strutting about with a large pipe in her mouth.

Native dances or sing-sings are much beloved, but are gradually losing their characteristics. My hostess had long confabulations with various chiefs and, finally, it was arranged that different villagers should come to Kuradui and go through their dances. It was curious how the news spread, but hours before the performance commenced natives from all directions began arriving. Soon there were some hundreds present and their behaviour was most exemplary. The men and boys stood patiently in rows near the house, the women sat on the banks or under the palms. There was no noise, no one trampled on the flower-beds or injured the plants. If we wanted to go through the dense crowd they would touch one another, saying quietly, " Missus, he come," and a lane was made for us.

Unfortunately it was showery, so that our photos were very indistinct, but the natives did not complain, although they feel very cold when they get wet.

We sat comfortably on the sheltered veranda and had afternoon tea. It seemed rather ill-bred of us, and they showed their good manners by not looking at us while we ate.

How different it would have been if some hundreds of uninvited white people had come to a civilized garden-party ! We should have had to leave all the eatables to them and call in the police to protect our property !

It was interesting seeing a number of women arrive

during a shower. They had their pandanus umbrellas up and it looked as if they had roofs over their heads. The effect was most peculiar, as if the huts of the village were on the march. Then, when the rain was over, they folded them and sat on them.

Men and women are never seen together in public and a woman never goes about alone, for if she did she might meet a man, who might speak to her, and then what would Mrs. Grundy say?

Miti remembers a young girl passing along the road near Kuradui and a young lad joined her and spoke to her for a few minutes. They were both put to death by the tribe.

There was one curious little piece of by-play. A nice little "Mary" with a baby in her arms was watching the dance and a very ugly black came up and spoke to her. I was surprised, for I had never seen this before. Presently he leaned nearer and touched her delicately on the shoulder with his finger-tip. It reminded me of the picture in the Louvre where Eros touches Psyche.

I turned to the missionary's wife. "Did you see that?" I asked. "Are they man and wife?"

"They must be," she replied, "otherwise he would never dare to touch her or speak to her, but, even so, it is a most unusual occurrence and shows how the old customs are changing."

The Spear Dance was very interesting. The men were painted black and white, one-half from the middle of the head down the nose, one side of the face, down the middle of the body and down the spine, and one arm and leg were pitch black with roasted galips, and the other half was whitened with lime. They were

armed with imitation clubs, spears and tomahawks which looked very realistic. They had very intricate steps and contortions, but the actions signified fighting. Many of the movements were similar to those in lancers and quadrilles.

Another was the *kulau*, or dance of the young coco-nuts. The men had little white circles, the size of a shilling, painted all over them and a kilt of coco-nut leaves. In their hands they held queerly-carved " dancing sticks " which represented the sticks used to husk coco-nuts. These emblems were carved and coloured by each boy according to his own taste and they were very varied. They were about two feet in length and four inches wide, of wood and painted black, red, blue, white and brown. In one pair there was a clever representation of a German sailor, " The first German sailor that landed in Matupit," as the proud, shy owner informed us. But this event took place over thirty years ago and he is under twenty, so how did he get his knowledge, or his model? There have been no German sailors in Rabaul since 1914, and the uniform is old-fashioned, so the idea must have been handed down for some considerable time.

Another had a German officer, with two huge iron crosses as big as saucers on his breast. How do these ignorant *kanakas* know about the Iron Cross? And why do they exaggerate their size as if unconsciously they know of their importance in the German mind? The moustaches had the correct upward twist. It was difficult to represent the officer riding, so they gave him very short legs and he was *standing* on the horse's back.

In one pair of sticks there were wallabies, perhaps the totem of the tribe, although totems about here are generally birds. In another there were relics of the *duk-duk* idea, and the double-ended canoe in which the *duk-duk* landed.

Around these figures was a framework of a zigzag pattern which referred to the Snake Spirit they all dread, and in others were conventionalized representations of coco-nut leaves.

One stick had an uncanny human skeleton. It was reminiscent of cannibal days. Strangely enough, there were six fingers and six toes, showing either an inability to count or else a desire to portray the unusual, for the natives often have six toes. The framework represented sharp pointed teeth !

In the Solomon Dance, some of the boys were dyed a delightful shade of moss green. Others had mustard-yellow faces, but then the dye seems to have given out.

The performers chant hard all the time and are aided by an orchestra which sings and beats drums.

They find it very hard to bring their dances to a conclusion and seem to work themselves into a state of self-hypnotism.

The sing-sing prepared in honour of the princely visit that never took place was performed in a large square at Rabaul. The performers, excited no doubt by the white audience, seemed to lose all self-control and some were quite mad. This is probably why the missionaries discourage them.

There is tremendous rivalry between the tribes, and at the sing-sing at the time of H.M.A.S. *Melbourne's* visit the excitement was so great that the New Guinea

boys and the Matupit natives fought savagely, with the result that one man was killed, dozens sent to the hospital, and a large number escorted to Kalabus !

A life for a life is the law here, and the dead man's tribe is eager to avenge his death.

CHAPTER XII

KABAKAUL, TAMALILI AND REIVIN

MRS. PARKINSON was always planning something fresh.

"I think we must go to Tamalili and Reivin," she said one morning as we were sitting leisurely over breakfast. I must admit my stay at Kuradui was responsible for a *laissez-aller* policy on my hostess's part, and the plantation took care of itself while we went *limlimbur*. "But it will take us at least two days to get there and back. I'll write to Kabakaul and ask if they will put us up for the night."

A boy was sent off with a note. Here one never knows what will become of a messenger, what message he will deliver, what destination he will ultimately reach and when one will have the satisfaction of seeing him again.

However, we were fortunate, and late that night our weary runner brought us "pepper" to the effect that Kabakaul would be most pleased to entertain us.

Early next morning Mrs. Parkinson and I started off in one carriage, with a "Mary" squatting at our feet, while the horse-boy drove another carriage with our luggage. There were some steep hills on the way to Kokopo, so the "Mary" got out occasionally and walked, but Mrs. Parkinson looked frequently behind and repeatedly told her to keep near the carriage.

We stopped at Kinigunan, as Kininigunan is now generally called, and had lunch with the manager and his wife.

The owner of this valuable plantation is a Belgian and his father was one of the few survivors of the ill-fated Marquis de Ray's expedition.

After lunch we were taken to see our hostess's cabbages, of which she was inordinately and unreasonably proud! Cabbages and roses are the *pièces de résistance* of all amateur gardeners in the Tropics.

There was also another rarity, a governess from Sydney, whom I asked if she knew how to protect herself at night, although there is not so much danger when there is a white man in the house.

"Yes," she said brightly. "I have a whip and a bell."

In the cool of the afternoon we continued our journey, the green walls of the forest forming a background for the lovely crotons that lined the roads. Sometimes we passed a native village; a tiny track led to it between the trees, and it was surrounded with the usual palisade.

Frequently a *luluai* would salute us and call "*Uraru?*" Miti would reply as usual, "We go *lim-limbur*," and he would chuckle happily as if in sympathy with the good time we were having.

At last we reached Kabakaul, a plantation by the sea.

It was here the Australian forces landed in 1914, and large quantities of their wireless apparatus and military equipment are still stored in the copra sheds. As it has been there for so many years, it is naturally not improving.

On one side, among the crotons, was the place where the young Australians, Pockley and Elwell, were buried, but their bodies were afterwards moved to Rabaul.

We walked along the low and swampy shore—ideal for coco-nuts and mosquitoes—to where a returned soldier lived whose wife had recently had a baby. Mrs. Parkinson adored babies, so of course we had to go and see it.

The proud mother called her house-boy to show us all baby's belongings, its wooden cradle made by the mission, its little chest of drawers, its tiny garments. It was quaint to notice the pride with which the black boy showed us everything. He looked at us very searchingly, as if to make sure that we properly appreciated the privilege of seeing this wonderful white piccaninny.

We hastened back to Kabakaul, for the sky was overcast, and as we were at dinner down came the rain. Fortunately, tropical rains at this season do not last more than a few hours and our drive on the morrow would be all the pleasanter for this downpour.

During the evening we heard wails from the quarters. Our host looked rather worried and admitted one of the " Maries " was ill.

As we were going to bed, these wails became louder, and a strident chorus rose, " Him die, him go finess ! " This refrain with its ominous suggestion would certainly bring a fatal ending.

I put on a cloak and went into the dining-room, where our host was vainly trying to ring up the doctor, but the telephone wires were evidently " down," a frequent state of affairs.

So with Eric, the eldest son, I went down to the quarters. It was very pathetic; the poor woman lay on the raised wooden platform which is the regulation bed for the " labours." She looked very ill and frightened and her husband bent over her in despair. The hut was stifling and full of relatives and friends, and the women's chant still went on, " Him die, him go finess."

" Make that one stop, Eric," I said, looking at a loud-voiced " Mary " who was evidently the leading soprano. So he took her by the shoulders and shook her. At first it seemed as if she really could not stop, but he shook so thoroughly that at last she was reduced to silence, then he cleared the hut of all but one or two. We talked cheerfully and assured the patient she wasn't going to die at all. The poor husband looked at us with pleading eyes—wonderful white people, who could even keep death at bay !

The case was beyond me, so I went back to the house to report, and Mrs. Parkinson brought medicine, which we flavoured with lemon and sugar and eventually persuaded the patient to take.

I soon saw why Miti had such a reputation for nursing the sick. She coaxed and petted the poor girl as if she were one of her own children. She found she had fever badly and had got wet and caught a chill. We got hot bottles to warm her, and soon left her comfortable and hopeful that she would soon be well.

Miti never refused her help. No matter when the call came, she was ready. Many poor Chinese, Japanese, Malay, *kanaka* and native women owed their lives to her. The German settlers and Australian

soldiers alike benefited by her skill, and from Government House at Namanula to the poorest hut, when sickness came, the cry was " Send for Mrs. Parkinson."

Next morning I was wakened by persistent crying. I thought at first the " Mary " was dead, but as I listened I recognized it was a child's voice. I got up and went on the veranda and at last I discovered a tiny piccaninny on the wet grass, howling dismally. I called our little " Mary " to take it home to the quarters. It had evidently followed its father to the lines and lost its way.

It was a beautiful morning, very hot, of course, but everything looked so fresh after the rain, and while driving we felt a little breeze.

We passed Rainau, an inland plantation where the coco-nuts were still young, then we drove through the luxuriant palms of Makurapau.

We stopped for a little while at Tamalili, which a returned soldier was managing, and he seemed awfully pleased to have someone to talk to.

The crotons along these unfrequented roads were marvellous. They were eight or ten feet high, with leaves of all shapes and varieties, and wonderful colouring, much more beautiful than any others I had seen.

Some crotons had long broad leaves, others were long and slender and curving gracefully. Others were cut into every imaginable shape, like ferns, or in scrolls. Every shade of green, yellow, brown, chocolate, mauve and maroon was here. Some leaves were pink and mauve, others green and gold, some again were cream with delicate shades of green or pink.

At last we reached Reivin, the home of a German

planter named Rundnagel, who had married a Samoan, a beautiful olive-skinned girl with lovely eyes and the gay, sprightly manner of a Frenchwoman. They had a son, who was at school in Sydney, and two little girls still too young to leave home.

It was Mrs. Rundnagel's birthday, so we had turkey and champagne for lunch as well as other good things. The table was laid under a big shady tree, and we should have had a delightful time, but that the shadow of the dreadful Mandate cast its gloom over every gathering.

" Perhaps the Mandate will leave us Samoans," said our hostess. " We belong to the South Seas, but still, we could not stay without our husbands."

" If we can settle in Dutch New Guinea or Java, it will not be so bad," said Mr. Rundnagel. " We can soon start a plantation again." Then he looked lovingly at his frail little daughters. " But my little girls could never stand the cold of Germany."

" You are certain to be left here, Mrs. Parkinson," cried Mrs. Rundnagel. Then turning to me, she continued, " She made this country. It was her kindness to the natives that made it safe for us to come here. She brought the seeds from Samoa and made all the gardens, and it was she who planted the trees in Rabaul and Kokopo. The Australian Government could never send her away."

Mrs. Parkinson sighed. " But what would my life be without my children? and I fear they will be deported."

" But Paul will be left," I cried, " and the others will settle in Java, so you will be able to go and see them."

We drank to our next merry meeting, and I rashly accepted invitations to visit them in the Dutch East Indies or wherever Fate might send them.

After lunch, we went inside for a rest, and Mrs. Rundnagel showed us all the pretty clothes she had bought during her recent visit to Sydney.

Then the Rainau motor came bringing birthday felicitations and offering to drive us home.

One sees more of the scenery in a carriage, but there is something delightfully exhilarating in travelling by what the natives term " boat-belong-bush." We go up and down the hills at tremendous speed. Fortunately, the hoods are always up, otherwise we should be thrown out repeatedly.

We passed the Kabakaul motor on the road and just heard the word " News " as it dashed past. Gloom descended on all, and it was a very apprehensive party that alighted at the Kokopo hotel.

The manager's wife was weeping bitterly and the German men on the veranda were silent. A Government Gazette was just out and it contained the names of those who were to be expropriated.

So far, those who had married Samoans were exempt.

" But our turn will come soon," they said gloomily.

" I ask you," cried one German lady, " how can I manage on board ship with four children and never a boy to do their washing? They each wear four or five frocks and suits every day. How can I get enough clothes to last all those weeks? "

For housewives in German New Guinea lead easy lives, with numerous " Maries " to mind the children, do the needlework, act as housemaids and wait on everyone. Wash-boys do the laundry cheerfully six

days in the week and cook-boys stay in their cook-house twelve hours a day and more. Of course they do not work frightfully hard, there are so many of them to do the allotted tasks. It probably takes half a dozen natives to do the work one capable girl could manage down South, if that girl were procurable !

CHAPTER XIII

ALONG THE RIDGE AND INLAND

WHEN our steamer drew near to the Gazelle Peninsula and I first saw the semi-circular ridge of mountains that surrounds Blanche Bay and Simsonshafen, with scattered groups of palms on top outlined against the sky, I had a wild desire to travel all along those lofty heights and see the grand panorama of land and water.

I little imagined my hope would ever be realized, but that was the charm of Miti—she made one's dreams come true.

One morning several *luluais* arrived at her command and received long and detailed instructions—of course in their own dialect. Several times they looked towards me and nodded their heads comprehendingly.

When they had gone, and we were comfortably settled on the veranda, I said :

" Now, tell me all about it."

" Well," she began, " I've been arranging for a driving excursion inland and I sent for the chiefs to find out in what sort of condition the roads on top of the ridge and behind it are. I want you to see the wonderful view from my old plantation, the one I sold to the mission."

" I shall love to see it," I said contentedly. " You are giving me a perfectly gorgeous time."

" Oh, I enjoy it too," she laughed. " It is a long while since I went *limlimbur*, and you are like me, not easily frightened. You can't imagine how afraid some people are of a little danger.

" The *luluais* tell me," she continued, " that one road I want you to see is overgrown with high grass, but they will have it all cut down at once. Then, too, they will be watching for us and have boys to help the carriage up and down some of the steep hills. I shall send the horse-boys with relays of horses the day before, and they will wait for us at different places. We shall be out the whole day, and we must drive as quickly as possible so as to be home before dark. I may be able to find a few recruits, and it would be a great help now that labour is so scarce."

We started early so as to get up the steep mountain-side before the heat of the day.

As we drove along, Miti pointed out one of the sharp curves of the road.

" That is where Moses, the Malay overseer, was cut to pieces. The natives gave warning that the road was interfering with one of their ' sacred places.' The complaint was disregarded, the work went on, and Moses was murdered. For a long while afterwards, on moonlight nights, they used to sit on the bank above the road and cry jeeringly, ' Where are you, Moses ? Come and finish your road.' Then they would laugh and yell. It is horrible to hear the natives boast and jeer after they have killed a man."

Soon we got to the end of the plantation, and before us was a fearfully steep hill.

I did not see any possible chance of driving up that perpendicular bit ! (Luckily, when we returned it was

dark, and we simply gave the horse its head and, to my surprise, reached the bottom safely.)

A dozen hefty *kanakas* were waiting for us; some pulled the horse along, others got hold of the shafts, one went to each wheel, and the rest pushed behind.

We got along beautifully, and the perspiring "labours" seemed to enjoy it nearly as much as I did!

The first part of the high-road led through beautiful forest. One tree in particular interested me—it was very high and looked like a green pillar. It had no branches, but the leaves grew on twining stems that clung closely to the trunk. The whole effect was most curious. Seeing I was interested, the natives gathered me some of the foliage—the leaves were shaped somewhat like those of the laurel, but were of a brighter green and not so stiff.

The wood of some of these trees is most beautifully coloured, and it polishes well. It is almost incredible that the delicate shades of green, brown, red, pink and yellow are the natural tints.

The view from the ridge was magnificent, we seemed to be right on the roof of the world.

At the plantation we changed horses, and the Malay overseer invited us on to his veranda and gave us green coco-nuts, out of which we drank the milk.

We next drove through grass lands; it would be impossible to eradicate the kunai here.

Looking ahead, I noticed that the road ceased suddenly, beyond it was nothing but the blue sky. It happened to be another of those perpendicular descents. Luckily more black helpers were waiting and they soon took out the horse and managed to get him

down, and then a number of them hung on to the back of the carriage and lowered it gently.

As we drove off, I looked back—then I suddenly turned to Miti.

" We'll never get the carriage up that place again. How shall we get home ? "

" Oh, *maski*, we'll go round by another road," she replied, smiling. " I want you to see as much as possible, and that hill is a very difficult one."

The villagers inland are very dirty, there is so little water. We saw one man cleaning himself with strips from the green stem of the wild banana. He looked very uninviting, covered with fragments of fibre and sap, but the final result may have been satisfactory.

" There are lovely waterfalls on the South Coast," said Miti as we drove along. " One at Kiep, Edward's place, is about thirty feet high. In Samoa we love to slide down the waterfalls, it is one of our favourite sports. So I told my sons to jump down this one at Kiep, but no, they did not want to. So I did, just to encourage them. Then, when it was too late, they shouted there were crocodiles in the pool below. I could not stop myself, but I'm fairly heavy and I fell into the pool with such a splash that the crocodiles fled."

Miti laughed merrily at the remembrance.

" Tell me some more about crocodiles, please."

" You know my family says I am bound to be eaten by crocodiles or sharks, but I am not afraid, *maski*. Once, when I was bathing, a big crocodile about twenty-five feet long swam towards me, but I was enjoying my bathe and did not want to come out of

the water, so I told the boys to stone it until I had finished."

Crocodiles in this part of the world sometimes snatch the boys out of the canoes and will drag horses down.

"You haven't met the Pessimist yet, *laka*?" asked Miti. "He woke once in the middle of the night and found some big creature in his room. Unluckily he had no light and his gun was not at hand. He soon discovered it was a crocodile; not the whole of it, of course, but the worst part. At last he managed to get his gun and fired and it made off. It had crawled up the steps, across the veranda to his door, which was quite close."

About noon we came to a large village and decided to have lunch here. The men cut fresh coco-nut leaves and laid them thickly on the ground, so that it might be sufficiently clean for us to sit down. As we ate, the village fowls and piccaninnies gathered round us and scrambled for the bits we threw away.

We visited some of the huts, which were quite clean and tidy. One had a tiny "white-fellow window," just a pane of glass let in the wall of matting, with a wooden frame all round painted with Reckitt's Blue. The proud owner of this work of art was very pleased to see us notice it.

At one end of the village were some enclosures with the usual palisade of sticks, stuck closely together and growing vigorously. No women were allowed here, for these were "sacred places." Miti was, of course, a privileged person, so we went inside and looked around. It was in these places that the *duk-duks* used to dress, and here the masks were put on.

The *duk-duks* were a secret society, and their aim seems to have been to keep up old customs, to indicate which people were to be eaten, to dance at funerals, and to punish parents who struck their children. The women were very afraid of the *duk-duks*. Once a year there was a grand ceremony, when the *duk-duks* landed in a double-ended canoe, and all the natives would assemble on the beach to meet them.

The masks were grotesque things, heavy and uncomfortable to wear, and they could not be worn for long, so the " sacred places " were rather like dressing-rooms where they could rest and take them off for a breathing space.

I think the men simply have secret societies and wear masks to assert their superiority and to keep the women in subjection. The latter are fearfully overworked and submit humbly to harsh treatment. They never attempt to assert themselves. A feminist movement would be excellent.

I only once remember hearing of the women acting on their own initiative and that was out of curiosity.

It was when the widely-travelled Mr. Bainbridge and his family were in Rabaul. His son Bungy, a boy of thirteen, was cruising about with young Parkinson and by some misadventure he was left behind on the beach one night, fortunately in Sulka territory.

Soon some natives appeared, seized him by the arms and marched him inland to a village, then to another, and finally to a third, where he was allowed to sit down and rest.

Bungy noticed there were no women about, always a bad sign, but he knew he must not show fear.

Presently he took off his hat and began to fan

himself. Immediately the women rushed from their hiding-places, went up to him, and stroked his hair!

He had thick golden hair, like yellow floss, and of course they had never seen anything like it before.

It was a far cry from the slave markets of Rome to the shores of New Britain, where the black women, after a lapse of nearly two thousand years, shared Pope Gregory's admiration for golden hair—luckily for Bungy! Then they clapped their hands to his stomach and, finding it very flat, promptly brought him food.

An exciting night followed, with sing-sings and talking round the fires, and when the village at last fell asleep golden-haired Bungy found his way back to the beach, from where he was rescued early next morning.

Mrs. Parkinson told most interesting stories of New Britain under German rule, and of the coming of the Australian forces. I could see that people often took advantage of her generosity, but she never showed resentment.

She sympathized with the warmly clad and heavily laden Australian soldiers who were sent on twenty-mile marches from Rabaul to Kokopo. Lucky for them when they fell exhausted near Kuradui and were brought to the house, where their feet were bathed and they were fed. Then, after a rest, the boys would drive them to their destination.

It was Mrs. Parkinson who supplied the military hospital with fish, eggs and fruit, and when the young wives of the Australian officers found it difficult to feed their delicate children it was frequent presents of Kuradui milch goats that saved the situation again and again.

" I expect the soldiers had very poor fare," I said.

" Yes, indeed," she replied. " When the Germans were interned, I used to send a basket of food every day to our old friend, Dr. Rüne, and once when I went to see him I asked how he liked some special dish. He admitted he had not received it, so when I got home I sent for the boys and questioned them. They explained the basket had to pass three sentries and each helped himself to what he fancied ! Poor lads," commiserated Miti, " I expect they missed home food and were very tired of bully beef and biscuits. I told Adolf for the future to prepare four baskets, one for the doctor and one for each sentry."

" There seems such abundance of food everywhere, I cannot understand why the soldiers were not able to supplement their diet with fish, birds, fruit, nuts and vegetables. I never saw such fat pigeons as Adolf sends to table. Is there ever famine here ? "

" Not often, but sometimes the rains fail. Once when I was recruiting, I landed at a village where the people were in the last stages of starvation. We took off as many of the worst cases as the *Wing* would hold. Some of the poor women I had to carry myself, I was afraid they would break unless they were carefully handled. I left all the food we had in the village and we got back to Kokopo as quickly as we could. The Government sent down bags of rice, but it was too late to be of much help. The natives never think of the future; when there is plenty of food they eat far too much, but they do not seem to store any."

In Papua the tribes seem more intelligent and have big houses where they store yams and other foods.

The Pessimist maintained that a plentiful supply of

pigs would do more to abolish cannibalism than the combined efforts of governments and missionaries.

O wise Captain Cook, how many thousands owe their lives to your forethought!

By this time all traces of a road had disappeared, and we were going hazardously over a forest track, getting down when we came to very bad bits.

Soon we had only a native path winding among big tree-trunks, and the wheels broke down the bushes as we advanced.

"Can we go much farther?" I asked.

"We must," said Miti, "because we cannot turn here. This track leads, I think, to a small trading station. We'll probably have room to turn there."

We were exploring somewhere on the inland slope of the ridge now, and no longer saw the sea.

Finally we came to a squalid little hut, and there was the King Kong (as the natives call John Chinaman) with his trays of copra drying in the tiny space before his home.

I looked at Mrs. Parkinson.

"There's nowhere to turn here," I said.

The bush hemmed us closely in, and on one side was a steep descent, down which one saw chiefly tree-tops and rocks.

Mrs. Parkinson said cheerfully:

"We'll have to drive over your copra, King Kong, but it won't hurt it, *laka?*"

King Kong submitted with a pained smile. The horse did not seem to like treading on copra, but it was soon over, and we were again driving along the forest tracks.

Presently we came to the road that had been over-

grown with kunai. It was all cut, and lay evenly spread on the ground like a thick mattress. It was very queer driving over it.

Some of the natives came and saluted, and received tobacco in appreciation of their efforts. They had cut a tremendous amount of grass, and the way they had laid it was a work of art. Mrs. Parkinson suggested it should all be burnt before we came again and the proposal was favourably received. Of course the men took all the thanks and the tobacco, but the women had done the work.

We got out of the carriage and went to a village near. The women's eyes followed Miti adoringly.

She had been their friend in the cruel past. She had saved them from ill-usage and in the time of the great sickness. And she was afraid of nobody—neither the *luluais* nor the *Kiaps*, nor the big-fellow Government, nor the *duk-duks*, nor the *puk-puk*, nor the Big Snake Spirit, nor the dreams !

There was indeed reason to be afraid of dreams, for sometimes the men after chewing betel-nut went to sleep under a spirit-haunted tree, and whatever dreams they dreamed—and they were generally lurid—they carried into practice next day !

But the sun was declining, and in these regions " with one leap comes the dark "; so, saying good-bye to the lovely forest and the grass lands, we drove quickly on. Luckily we got through the worst parts before daylight fled.

Then we left matters to the horse, which found its way somehow or other until we got near the main road and could see the motors flashing by, taking the planters home after their day in Rabaul.

" We've no lights," I said, for the road was narrow and dangerous, with many sharp curves and unexpected hills and valleys.

" *Maski*, the motors will see us," said Mrs. Parkinson, " so we shall be quite safe."

She was quite right, they did see us, but often at the very last moment, and to their consternation !

We reached home safely and, to the welcoming " Maries," Mrs. Parkinson said one word, a very satisfactory one.

It was " *kaikai*."

CHAPTER XIV

OUR TRIP TO THE SOUTH COAST

TO-DAY at breakfast we heard startling news—there is trouble with the Bainings in the South. They have attacked the big plantation belonging to the R.C. Mission and the "labours," about four hundred in all, have been transferred to Brown Island for safety. It seems absurd that such a large number of men should be afraid of so primitive a people as the Bainings.

My hostess has three young plantations on the South Coast, which are managed by her two sons, Edward and Paul, and Mr. Uechtritz, her daughter Dolly's husband. When she was informed that the District Officer and forty police boys were going there to suppress the rising, her eyes flashed like those of an old war-horse, eager for the fray.

"We must go too," she announced. "I can help little Paul. He is only a boy of twenty and alone with his *kanakas*. I understand the natives."

I, of course, was delighted. So we planned everything and drove to Kokopo to see the D.O. He did not seem at all anxious to have us! However, there was a higher authority, and we motored into Rabaul to see the Administrator.

Unluckily, the D.O. got there first, and His Excellency received us with a frosty smile and a prejudiced mind.

Mrs. Parkinson put her case. She wanted to see if little Paul were safe. No, she did not *intend* to lead the punitive expedition, but she would help if necessary.

His Excellency turned to me. "Why do you want to go while things are so unsettled?"

"I can't stay at Kuradui all alone," I said firmly, "and I would go anywhere with Mrs. Parkinson."

At last he said sternly, but with an amiable smile:

"Mrs. Parkinson, I forbid you to go."

This seemed final.

Mrs. Parkinson never argued, but she looked very thoughtful.

Presently the Administrator relented a little. "In a week's time the rising will be over, and then it will be safe for you to go."

As we left he said to me:

"Use your influence to prevent Mrs. Parkinson from going."

I smiled. "But you give us permission to go by the next boat, sir?"

"Yes," he promised, and we parted.

We drove home and discussed matters. We might be able to go next week, but the difficulty was to find a boat. The *Wing*, Edward's launch, was laid up with the prevailing engine trouble. A chief near had a canoe, so one of the head boys was sent to examine it. He soon returned and reported it was leaking badly.

I very much wanted to see the South Coast, or any other coast for that matter—north, east or west—so long as it was something fresh. Mrs. Parkinson evidently hankered after that canoe; she swims like a fish, I like a stone—and I am afraid of two things, alligators and sharks.

I went to bed and had a nightmare about the chief's canoe; the hole in it was larger than the canoe itself, which was absurd even in a dream.

I was wakened by a sudden scream and rush of feet, and I heard someone whisper, " Hush, Paul, you will wake her." Then I knew Paul had come home suddenly.

Here all boats arrive and depart in the middle of the night—whether it suits the tides or the trades I cannot say.

Next morning everything explained itself. Paul had returned because he had a number of boys to pay off, and he did that long and perilous journey in a little war canoe. He and the boys could all swim, the weather was calm, and they kept close to the shore. His mother was delighted to see him, her youngest child, and to know that he was safe, but he was eager to return as quickly as possible in case there was trouble on his plantation. He had gone alone into the mountains to try to talk with the leader of the Bainings, but the latter evaded him and took refuge in inaccessible regions. This slight young lad was truly Miti's son and had some of her heroic qualities.

We heard the *Siar* was sailing to Madang the following Thursday and that she was to call at Lindenhafen on the South Coast. We determined that we would try to travel by her, and Paul promised to keep fires burning to show us where to land.

After a three days' rest he went back again, and Mrs. Parkinson looked sad, for she did not know what dangers awaited him on his lonely station.

A few days later we heard that the D.O. had returned from his expedition, so we drove to his office and asked

for information. He seemed pleased with himself and the world in general, although his force did not appear to have accomplished much. He and his forty police boys had not seen any Bainings! Naturally, all the tribe would flee and hide when they saw such an army coming! Mrs. Parkinson agreed it was a pity the leader had not been caught, but the mere sight of the expedition should instil some respect for law and order in the thick heads of the wild natives.

We heard suddenly that the *Siar* was to sail for Madang, but to our disappointment the harbour-master decreed that we could not go by her as she would not stop before Lindenhafen.

We tried to hire a boat from the Japanese and Chinese traders—in vain; and vainly we besought all our friends to lend us their launches. In despair I again motored into Rabaul and favoured the Administrator with an interview, cheerfully informing him we would like to go by the *Siar*. He telephoned for the harbour-master to come to his office, and on his arrival they talked earnestly and studied some of the maps on the wall, and finally the Administrator delivered his verdict. We might go by the *Siar*, which would make a special stop as near Sum Sum as possible. Unfortunately, it would reach there between 2 and 3 a.m. and there was no moon! We would be given a whale-boat and the *Siar* would wait for an hour to give us a chance of finding the plantation.

"If we don't find Sum Sum," I said, hoping the quaking in my heart would not find its way into my voice, "you would not expect us to land in the dark? For there are crocodiles as well as Bainings."

" No, no," His Excellency said reassuringly. " You can go on to Lindenhafen. There are three white men there, and they will take you in until a steamer calls. Of course you may be marooned there for two or three months."

Mrs. Parkinson was delighted at the success of my mission and we began to pack all sorts of things to take with us. Of course people called in during the afternoon, and in spite of being so occupied she was the same hospitable and delightful hostess as usual.

About eight o'clock we boarded the *Siar*. My friend went up on the bridge, she knew how easy it would be to pass the plantation, for in the dark each bay and headland looked like every other bay and headland.

It was interesting hearing the passengers, chiefly planters and traders, talk. They thought New Britain would share the fate of Samoa if Australia had the Mandate. That island had quite gone to pieces. How could anyone run a plantation without indentured labour ? No encouragement was given to private enterprise, and soon everything would be in the hands of the big companies.

Gradually I began to feel sleepy. I wished they would not talk to me, I was far too drowsy to reply. Soon my thoughts became tangled, it was impossible to keep awake, and I fell fast asleep.

The wild shrieks of the siren woke me, and I hurried on the bridge to find Mrs. Parkinson and the captain straining their eyes towards a dim dark line in the distance. Then blue lights were burned and again the siren startled the night air. Mrs. Parkinson

urged the captain to go nearer the shore, but he feared reefs, although she assured him the reefs were not so far out. She had acted as pilot on many a German war-boat and knew the coast well.

We cruised up and down, striving vainly to see the fire signals we were depending on. Finally the whale-boat was lowered, manned by six sturdy blacks, and we rowed towards the shore a couple of miles away.

Our boat seemed very small on the dark heaving waters, and the captain's parting words that his orders were not to give us more than an hour filled me with misgivings. Mrs. Parkinson admitted she was quite at a loss as to our whereabouts. We got nearer the shore and the thunder of the surf warned us ominously. Finally we began rowing eastward and went round capes and into bays. Every cape Mrs. Parkinson recognized and we sailed diligently into every bay, and each time she had to confess she was mistaken.

Then the ship began whistling for us to return, but my companion, with an enigmatic smile, put out the lantern and gave the boys orders to go on.

" What is an hour ? " she said in her grand manner. " Besides, the captain of the *Siar* is a gentleman."

We got into another little bay and to our joy saw lights moving. Mrs. Parkinson seemed puzzled.

" It is Sum Sum," she murmured, " but I don't understand the lights. It must be the ' labours ' with torches."

We got nearer and suddenly the crew gasped in horror, " Missus, him wild Baining, wild Baining ! " and ceased rowing.

We were now a few yards from the shore and could

see dimly naked black figures darting in and out among the trees with burning coco-nut shells in their hands.

Mrs. Parkinson sat like a statue, every sense alert.

" This part of the coast belongs to the Sulkas, a friendly people. If these are Bainings, they have come down to fish. Anyhow, they have no canoes and they do not swim, so they cannot reach us."

" Don't go any nearer," I begged. " They may sling stones at us." For the Bainings are adepts at slinging stones, and even from great distances can hit an enemy just over the heart, the spot they always aim at, so that he drops dead.

Mrs. Parkinson spoke to them in pidgin and in various dialects, but they did not understand and replied in an unknown tongue.

" They are Bainings," she admitted thoughtfully.

They beckoned to us to come ashore and began to make a big fire. This proceeding terrified the crew, and I felt things were getting serious. All at once, I became conscious of danger. But it must be a dream, one of those fantastic, thrill-producing nightmares, out of which one wakes to find oneself comfortably nestled in bed with the happy prospect of approaching daylight.

I pulled myself together—this was no dream. We were far away from any help.

It was very dark, the water lapped against our boat, our boys sat crouched forward, their gleaming eyes looking at the blacks on the beach, and then at Miti, their only hope.

The uncouth figures waded out as far as they could,

every gesture urging us to land, holding their torches to show us how easy it was. They seemed uncannily interested in Miti and me, probably we were the first white women they had ever seen.

It seemed as if all the world had narrowed to this little theatre, whose stage was a sandy beach, with coco-nut palms lit by the flickering torches and throwing strange shadows. The background was the intense blackness of the forest.

The fire blazed up suddenly and they seemed impatient that we still remained just out of reach.

In the bright light they looked dangerous.

"They want to cook us for breakfast," I exclaimed. "Do let us go away."

And our boys rowed off with might and main, while the Bainings with wild yells ran along the shore after us.

On we went and presently saw on top of a cliff more bright lights.

"This is Sum Sum," said my friend happily. So we coo-eed till we were hoarse, the boys shouted their war-cries and I waved my electric torch. We rowed right into the bay, and Mrs. P. pointed out where the wharf should be. But there was no wharf!

In consternation we looked at one another. The boys were frightened and disheartened, but they never thought of turning back. Mrs. Parkinson was a greater authority than even the *kiap* of the *Siar*.

On we went, each fresh cape bringing us alternations of hope and despair. If we had only known it we were going farther and farther from our objective all the time.

We had now been out more than three hours, the eastern sky was showing a few light grey clouds, and gradually the dawn came. The ship had long ago ceased to whistle for us and burn blue lights and we were too far away to see or hear anything. We could now distinguish the reef over which the waves broke with great noise like the booming of guns.

Finally we came to a little beach village and black figures walked towards us through the white surf.

Mrs. Parkinson shouted to them in Sulka to tell the name of the village, but the noise of the waves drowned her voice. At last some of the men got to the end of the reef near us—they would not swim because of sharks—and told us the name was Unamra.

Mrs. Parkinson knew from this that we had been going in the wrong direction all the time. Back we went as hard as the weary men could row. To encourage them, she opened her bag and distributed largess in the form of shillings, which they stuck in their ears.

Soon we saw the *Siar* steaming furiously towards us, sending out clouds of angry black smoke.

Suddenly I crumpled up. Mrs. Parkinson had the mattress spread at the bottom of the boat and I was glad to lie down. I wondered what sort of a reception the captain would give us, for the " one hour " had run into many, and military rule is a most unreasonable thing.

Presently the *Siar* was quite close and I sat up—I wanted to see if the captain was a gentleman.

He was.

Mrs. Parkinson cried cheerfully :

"We went in the wrong direction, captain. Could you tow us? The boys are tired."

They threw us a rope, and this time we sped quickly in the right direction, westward, and soon we reached Sum Sum.

CHAPTER XV

SUM SUM

SUM SUM is a lovely place. It includes a big bay, terminating in high headlands, and with surf breaking over the reefs. There is a strip of flat land along the shore covered with two-year-old coco-nut palms which look very flourishing. The earthquakes on the South Coast cause the land to rise, so that there is just a thin layer of alluvial soil spread by the river over the buried reefs, and coco-nuts love a coral foundation.

The house is built high on the western extremity and looks out to sea. It is made of native materials with a roof of sac-sac and has wide verandas all round. It is beautifully cool.

There is no difficulty in getting " labours " here. Down below us are the quarters. The friendly, sooty-black Sulkas have their huts near the shore, then Mengans and Tomoyips, and farther off are the Bainings, who by degrees are being induced to work on the plantation. The married couples are nearer the house.

The Bainings are a clumsy, stocky, muscular race, very dirty and slow. Both men and women wear a strip of banana leaf and a small leafy branch behind. Having been always isolated and oppressed, they are now suspicious and resentful. Properly treated, they

in time become good workers, but there are very few of them to be found on plantations. The women used to act as water-carriers and, with kerosene tins poised on their heads, trudged all day to and fro between the river and the house. There are altogether over a hundred " labours " here, including men, women and " monkeys."

I asked Mr. Uechtritz if he felt perfectly safe, for the nearest white man is forty miles away. He said no, for such trifles cause trouble. Fortunately they always talk beforehand about the crimes they intend to commit and so he is warned.

One night at ten o'clock, while he and his wife were playing cards on the veranda, some Sulkas came up and said the Bainings were talking of killing them both. He at once blew the conch shell for the " labours " to line up and talked severely to them. He found they were angry because the fish ration was two portions short. Either he had counted wrongly or someone had cheated, and for that they would kill him ! He talked to them in a " sitrong " voice, gave some of them the stick, and so the matter was settled. But if he had shown any weakness, it would have been fatal.

The natives are not sensitive to pain. They love to sleep round the fires made on the earthen floor of their huts, so they often get burnt and it does not even wake them up. One man had a finger burnt right off and it did not seem to hurt him. The rats sometimes gnaw their feet, and even when a piece of hard skin, larger than a half-crown, is eaten away, they do not notice it until they begin to walk. If it is not looked after it becomes a dreadful sore.

They are still very cruel among themselves. One day eight little " monkeys "—the youngest being six or seven years old—came to Mr. Uechtritz and asked him to let them work. They were starving and unprotected, their fathers having all been killed by the Kaurongs. These little boys were Momong-aits.

Among a neighbouring tribe, the Arawes, when a man dies, his wife, or his youngest wife if he has more than one, is strangled by her brother, and this is done with her own consent.

There are no mosquitoes here and it is much cooler than Rabaul. The pineapples and pawpaws are delicious, the fruit is ready to eat six months after planting. It is marvellous how quickly everything grows. The soil is rich and there is a great deal of rain. The law of compensation makes living in the Tropics possible. The short day means a long cool night, and then there are the land and sea breezes.

We have new sorts of food here. Last night we had big fresh-water shrimps for dinner. The boys caught a tortoise, so we had turtle soup, steaks and eggs; and, more valuable still, there is a huge tortoise-shell.

It is the season when they go up on the beach to lay their eggs, and there were some hundreds of eggs inside. Some were ready to be laid, with their thin shells looking just like ping-pong balls in size and colour, and they go into similar little dents at the slightest touch. When they are boiled one pinches a portion to make a break and then sucks the contents. I had a small spoon for mine, so that I could venture gradually. They have a delicate flavour and the white and yellow are granular, like fine sago. Turtle steak

is like veal or very young beef, but in texture rather reminiscent of oysters.

During the afternoon a hornbill was shot, a big bird with beautiful black shiny feathers and wings and a creamy tail. Round its neck were amber-coloured feathers, like an emu's, but smaller, and it had a huge curved beak about five inches long. We had little slices cut from its breast and fried with onions. I should never have suspected they were anything but real beefsteak had I not known.

Some lobsters were brought in during the night, so I went to have a look at them before they were cooked. They are a beautiful greenish-brown, and under the eyes and along the tail are vivid patches of turquoise blue. I am hoping an alligator may be killed, so that I can taste a *very* little bit. They say it has a beautiful tender white flesh.

It is a great change from beef and mutton, mutton and beef.

We go to bathe in the river after afternoon tea when it begins to be cool. To get there, we walk through the taro patch, where the chief food for the *kanakas* is grown. I love to watch Dolly as she leads the way among the big green leaves. She is fair, with brown hair, the colour of dead ferns, and she walks lightly, with the grace of a wild flower. Somehow in these lonely regions she reminds me of Eve when the world was young.

The bathing-place is a nice pebbly reach, but the alligator swamp is only half a mile away, and what is there to hinder an enterprising alligator from taking an afternoon stroll or swim? The others say there is no danger, but one side of the river is very clayey

and the water is muddy, and I would not go there for worlds ! I am always relieved when I have succeeded in scrambling up the slippery bank and find an alligator has not gripped me by the leg !

The water is lovely, so soft and warm. We gathered wild lemons to use instead of soap. It is the Samoan fashion to employ lemons for cleaning everything—saucepans, buckets, floors, and even sores. They make everything quite clean and sweet.

A little bird used to perch in the lemon trees while we were bathing and sing, " Take care, take care." I think it was warning us about the alligators.

Coming back, we walked along a limbung tree thrown over the water. I was thinking too much about holding my camera safely to balance properly, and tumbled in. It was quite shallow there, but frightfully muddy, and I got both my arms up to the elbows buried in the river bed. I made frantic efforts to get free, fearing some saurians might get wind of my plight.

Mr. Uechtritz is a Prussian, a gentleman, and a delightful host. He regrets the loss of the curios he, like other Germans, collected in Samoa, which he could have sold at high prices in Europe, but which were commandeered—I wonder who has them now ?

He said it was well known that Russia began the war ! We do not argue much, but we are each convinced that our own country is right. He gave me a German paper to read which spoke of the treatment of women and girls by the French black troops on the Rhine. When they asked my opinion, I said it was indeed dreadful, but nothing compared with what we

had read of the German excesses in Belgium and France; and then the conversation languished.

I am sitting on the veranda, and great grey clouds, heavy with rain, hang low over land and sea. Graceful young coco-nut palms stand knee-deep in the lush green grass and wave their graceful leaves in the wind.

On the other side of the bay the trees are felled and waiting for fine weather so that they may be burned off. Away inland is the thick growth of the "forest primeval," big trees so close together that you feel as if you could walk along their leafy tops. There are numbers of birds in the green foliage, eating nuts and fruits—green parrots, red parrots, grey pigeons, huge hornbills and lovely blue and yellow gilliaus. The emu (or cassowary) eggs here are a bright light green with a paler band round the equator, as it were.

Early one morning Mr. Uechtritz took me for a walk into the forest. It was so dense that we could only penetrate by following a native track. In spite of the burning sun, it was like twilight among the trees—such wonderful trees, with creepers and star-like orchids growing on their trunks and masses of brilliantly coloured fungi on the fallen timber.

One of the creepers, called "aipa," has most curious winged seeds, like silken butterflies, measuring up to six inches across. When thrown into the air, they fly with a queer dipping motion; sometimes they descend in spirals like an aeroplane, or if there is a slight breeze they mount forty or fifty feet into the air. Thousands of them are enclosed in a globular seed-vessel larger than a man's head, and it is a wonderful sight when it

opens and the seeds disperse. They are packed in the most scientific way and it is almost incredible how many the capsule contains.

High up in the trees were myriads of birds. Great flocks of yellow-crested cockatoos were shrieking noisily, and the raucous cry of the ill-omened hornbill reminded one of the superstition that prevails in Papua—that when one of these birds flies over a village the inhabitants must go and kill someone. Perhaps it is the inquiet spirit of a forefather that only blood can appease. They usually take the life of the first person they meet, and having done their duty, according to the traditions of the tribe, they wonder confusedly why Tarbada sends them to gaol.

It was moonlight last night, so the " labours " were very lively. As I was going to sleep, the Bainings were having a sing-sing. It was rather startling to hear their war-cries.

Two little Baining " Maries " often come to the house to gaze at us, and we tell them to do their sing-sing. It is so funny, they move rapidly from one foot to another, and opening their mouths wide, they chant on two notes, high and low, " Wah, wah, wah; woh, woh, woh, wah, woh; wah, woh; wah, woh, woh."

When a station is to be attacked the natives come in the night and set fire to it by throwing burning sticks on the thatch, then they hide and throw spears at the people as they run out.

Mrs. Parkinson is a dear. She would not let them put me in the visitors' house, which is a little away from the main building, so we share a room, which is much nicer and safer. There is not so much danger

in the outlying parts, but nearer Rabaul and Kokopo, as she says, the natives are " too civilized " and steal and attack women. Married women are fairly safe, but single girls run the risk of having their rooms entered at night. One even went into Mrs. Z.'s home at Kokopo and tried to drag her from the bed, although her husband was in it !

One always felt safe at Kuradui, because the dogs are so fierce and will not let anyone near the house at night. The Germans say the blacks never attacked white women before, but the Australians are slacker and do not exact the same respect. One D.O. used to allow his house-boy to lie smoking in his long chair in his presence !

Of course the Germans had intercourse with the native women, but they usually installed a " Mary " as " housekeeper," and their half-caste children were sent to the mission to be educated.

The *kanakas* think people bring the weather. Sometimes Mr. Uechtritz will ask who brought the rain, and there will be shouts of the " Sulkas " or the " Bainings." Just now it is very fine and they are saying the white woman brought the sunshine. We hope to be able to maintain our reputation.

Mrs. Parkinson's cook is a very bad character, so when she travels he must go too, as it is not safe to leave him at home. He is the son of one of her old Buka bodyguard, and he is very clever, cooks beautifully, can manage the pinnace, carpenters and does tortoise-shell work. Once he committed a dreadful crime—I do not mean it was the only crime he committed, but he was found out—and he could have been sent to Kalabus for some years, but he begged Mrs.

Parkinson to punish him instead, so he received a tremendous flogging.

To me he always seemed a very pathetic figure.

This morning some Bainings brought in another tortoise, so I took my camera to get a photo of it before Adolf cooked it.

CHAPTER XVI

IN A WAR CANOE

OUR stay drew to an end and we reluctantly said good-bye to our host and hostess. Paul's canoe arrived from Kiep to take us home, and bobbed irresponsibly up and down on the deep waters with the light-hearted frivolity of a cork. It was a very small war canoe, made of planks of soft wood sewn together with forest string. The seams were caulked with a native fruit, which is about the size of a lemon and contains a queer grey substance, something like putty. In the course of a fortnight this becomes black and as hard as cement. There was always a bag of these fruits on board, so that, if a leak occurred, repairs could be promptly carried out.

It looked a frail little craft to go such a long way. Even the barefooted natives used to get in and out carefully, for a kick could break in the sides.

The morning dawned beautifully fine and calm, so we decided to start. We had a big load, bags of pawpaws and yams, boxes of various things, suit-cases, and on top of all a mattress for us to sit on. There were fourteen natives at the paddles and it was wonderful how we all fitted in.

It was lovely rowing close to the shore and peering into the green depths of the wonderful forests. We

stopped at a little beach village and went ashore. The chief had been on the Kuradui plantation and had been cured of dreadful sores, but he had the most awful scars and gashes. He was delighted to see his old benefactress and showed us everything. The young men's communal house was beautifully built. It had a kind of small entrance hall, on either side of which were pens for pigs. There was a plump young woman with a baby; all she wore was a little strip of banana leaf and yet she had been a house " Mary " at Kuradui for ten years, worn *lava-lava* and blouse and lived decently! It is curious how they go back to their native ways.

We bought a little tortoise-shell here. We saw a big turtle and asked the boys to swim out and turn it, but it submerged too quickly. We tried to console ourselves with the reflection that it might only be a greenback.

We passed Unamra, but only the children were at home and they ran away scared.

About noon we came to a lovely bay, with a reef before it forming a breakwater, and inside was a beautiful little island, covered with trees, and uninhabited. This was called Matla. We stopped and had a gorgeous bathe, the water was of lovely shades of blue and green. Then we had lunch, and among other things we ate tiny pink shell-fish which were in dainty white shells. The " Mary " filled a coco-nut shell with salt water and boiled them and they were delicious. Meanwhile our boys were bathing and enjoying themselves on the other side of the bay.

As we started again on our journey, the south-east trade-wind sprang up and the sails, home-made of

flannelette blankets, were hoisted and we went swiftly on.

We put in at Rügenhafen, which had been discovered by Mr. Parkinson. It was a landlocked harbour and its waters were of a vivid opaque green. All round were dense mangroves, and in the depths below lurked huge crocodiles, thirty feet long, and many tortoises which no one dared to catch.

Miti proposed we should call at the manager's house at Put Put for afternoon tea, which turned out to be beer. He was a very lonely and gloomy German. He told us lots of news. That England had declared war on Japan, that hundreds of soldiers were coming from the South to occupy the plantations, that there were fearful strikes all over Australia, and that the world generally was going to the dogs!

We said good-bye to this pessimist, and whether it was due to his malign influence or not I cannot say, but the wind began to blow with a vengeance and the waves grew terribly big.

Miti looked undecided.

"We might land at Kulaun," she said, "and escape the worst of St. George's Channel, but there is a big hill to climb and there will be no carriage to meet us at the top."

I knew she hated walking.

"What about going all the way in the canoe?"

"It would be safe if the trade-wind dropped at five o'clock, as it should, but not otherwise."

"I'm willing to risk it," I said, "if you are."

So on we went. But five o'clock came and the south-east blew with renewed violence. The frail little canoe at one moment would be in a deep trough

with a high wall of grey water towering over her, then just as we thought we should be swamped she rose gallantly and rode over the wave. But some of the white crests broke over us, drenching us and making the boys very energetic about bailing out.

I asked if it were often so rough. My brave friend replied cheerfully, with a quick glance at the crew, that this was nothing, but I had my doubts and kept silent.

The boys looked very frightened. Presently one of the masts broke, then they all took to their paddles. Soon the remaining mast went and the gale increased in violence.

Mrs. Parkinson sat at her end of the mattress and shouted orders, which were chiefly how to avoid the big waves. It took four men to hold the steering paddle. I think she felt the boat would not hold together long, and we kept as close to the shore as we could, but the thunder of the surf on the reefs showed that there was no hope of landing.

I took off my gloves and hat and tied my veil tightly round my head, and decided when the worst came I would get hold of one of the paddles.

I knew the rest could swim and that Mrs. Parkinson's first thought would be of me. What worried me most was that I owed thirty shillings for photos and I did not see how the debt would ever be paid! There was nothing I could do, so I settled down to enjoy the glimpses of the stormy sky ever and anon hidden by the waves that came to us broadside on, and thundered angrily as they failed to swamp us; then they hurried on to add their quota to the booming of the surf.

It was about 10 p.m. by now and a young moon

shone over the heaving waste of waters. It was curious to think that this might be the end of all—of one's hopes and fears, of the long life's struggle, of love, of friendship.

I looked at the rowers; their eyes were gleaming, and their faces tense with anxiety.

My wonderful friend, courage personified, breasting the storm like the Winged Victory of Samothrace, sat with her back to the broken mast; her voice still reached the men's ears above the uproar, and hardly were her orders given before they were carried out.

We all knew if we could only round Cape Gazelle we should be in quite calm water. We kept on for over four hours, thinking any moment we might go down, and then suddenly we rounded the Cape, and got into water as smooth as glass.

Mrs. Parkinson said fervently, "Thank God," and we shook each other by the hand.

Then I looked around in amazement. The wind had been left behind, the waves were gone, the uproar had ceased, and one could no longer hear the booming of the surf. It was like a wonderful miracle.

Then Miti turned to me. "You were not afraid? Any other woman would have screamed. But I would never have attempted the journey with anyone but you."

"Then there was danger?"

"Yes," she admitted. "You were never nearer death. The canoe might have been broken or swamped. We could never have reached the shore, our bodies would have been broken to fragments on the reef."

Then she and all the crew fell asleep! The boys

had their paddles upright against the sides of the canoe and slept leaning on them. Occasionally they woke up and nibbled at some food, or lit a home-made cigarette, of which they took a few whiffs and then passed it round.

I had no desire to sleep; it came suddenly to me what a beautiful thing life was, just to live and have one's being, to see the sun rise and set, and to walk again on kindly Mother Earth. The moon grew brighter and seemed glad to see us floating safely on the silvery water.

Presently Mrs. Parkinson woke and roused the crew to fresh exertion. But they were very tired and we made little progress. Then she told them that when the boys in Samoa were tired of rowing someone would sing a song that would make them " sitrong," so that, weary as they were, they would row harder than ever. Did they think they would be " sitrong " if she sang ? They shouted their queer cries of assent and she began to sing in rich persuasive tones of strange melody. The boys became excited and rowed hard and gave sudden whoops to encourage themselves. The canoe rushed through the water, and before long we were near the Mother and Daughters, with Kuradui just opposite.

The cries of the crew soon brought some of the *kanakas* down with lights, and we climbed up the cliff, greeted the welcoming dogs, and saw the dear bungalow we had never expected to see again.

But as we entered it smelt dreadfully of natives, for the head Buka boy and his wife were sleeping there to guard the " Maries," and doors and windows were fastened. Soon they were all away and when our

rooms were aired and the beds made, we settled down for a sleep.

I slept so hard that even the earthquake this morning did not wake me. Mrs. Parkinson thought it was going to be serious and got up to warn me, but I only felt the last two heaves and thought it was still the rocking of the boat.

We have been absurdly happy all day. There is nothing like having been near death to make one realize the joy of being alive.

CHAPTER XVII

GUNANTAMBU

SISTER AUGUSTA was coming to lunch. A boy had arrived with " pepper " to this effect, so Mrs. Parkinson gave Adolf instructions about special dishes that were favoured by the guest.

Sister Augusta was a wonderful old lady, probably over seventy, and she had lived so long in the Tropics that she actually caught cold if the punkah was swinging ! So we had to stew in the heat and give the punkah " Mary " a rest. At least it was not exactly a rest, for she had to sit under the table and fan our noble ankles to keep away the mosquitoes.

Then two other " Maries " had to stand by me, whisks in hand, to prevent me from being bitten !

It was the cool season of the year and the thermometer only registered 160° in the sun, so Sister Augusta considered it her bounden duty to shiver and the " Maries " flew for wraps of *georgette* and *crêpe de Chine*—there was nothing warmer—and carefully muffled her up ! But 160° in the humid climate of New Guinea is very nearly equal to boiling-point in drier regions, and it was impossible to imagine Sister Augusta in a land where the temperature fell below freezing-point !

Kaikai was announced. It was just as I feared. The *hors-d'œuvre* were the little raw fish Mrs. Parkin-

son's soul loved. And I detest raw fish, even oysters, but these I ate heroically, for they would never appear on the table again if it had been suspected that I did not like them. By dint of cutting off heads, tails and backbones, there was not much left, and of course they were well pickled.

" Ah," said my friend, " how I would love to have you in Samoa in the palolo season ! For just two days in the year these delicious worms come to the surface of the sea. At midnight they first appear, and we go out in our boats with baskets and all kinds of utensils, and we dip our hands in the water and catch the squirming worms and eat them alive. How you would enjoy them ! They are most beautiful eating ! The next night we gather all we can and by sunrise there are no more ! They break up into millions of tiny little fish, less than an inch long, and disappear. So only once in twelve months can we have this great treat, but we know it will come again at exactly the same time next year.

" When you go to Samoa," she said, turning to me, " do be there for the palolo season. The young Samoan chiefs are the handsomest of men," she continued, her thoughts still dwelling on her native land. " Everything is beautiful there—plenty of flowers, and flowers are our life; I could not live without them." Her gaze lingered fondly on the wonderful blooms with which the room was decorated. " But the men will not work, they are too proud."

" Don't they ever get tired of doing nothing ? "

" No ; there is a great deal to do," she said in surprise. " Swimming takes up lots of time, and sliding down the waterfalls. Then they go out in the canoes to

catch fish, or into the forests to gather fruit and flowers. Besides, there are garlands of flowers to make and the preparing of *kaikai*, for the Samoans like good food.

" I must take you to a Samoan *kaikai*," she suddenly declared. " There is a Samoan teacher at Kabakada; I will tell him to have roast pig and other Samoan dishes and you will taste how very good they are. Unfortunately, just now, he is suffering from a kind of skin disease."

" Leprosy ? " I hazarded.

" I am not sure," she said thoughtfully. " We had better wait till he recovers."

I cordially agreed—and I am still waiting.

" You have not even tasted kava," she said reproachfully. " Will you not try it if I chew the kava myself ? "

I shook my head sadly. I know I am horrid, but I cannot help it.

" I was one of the girls chosen to chew the kava for King Malietoa and my father. Only girls with perfect teeth are allowed to do it for royalty."

" But the kava could be pounded, couldn't it ? "

" Yes, but it is not the right way. It ought to be chewed."

We had arranged to go to Gunantambu for afternoon tea, and about three o'clock the two carriages were brought round.

Both Mrs. Parkinson and Sister Augusta were portly dames, and the carriages were very shaky and neither would carry two heavy-weights. So I drove as usual with Mrs. Parkinson, and one of the horse-boys drove Sister Augusta.

This was a very nice arrangement for me, as Mrs. Parkinson was always a delightful companion.

Gunantambu was Queen Emma's home. She had had a wonderful life. After divorcing her first husband, she formed another alliance, and with this man she sailed about the South Seas, trading in native products and starting plantations. It was an adventurous career, well suited to Queen Emma, who was a splendid sailor and an imperious lady who knew how to manage a boat as well as most other things. Her native crew and servants were well trained, and for some time this existence lasted and she began to amass wealth.

Then her husband seems to have disappeared and she arranged for Mr. and Mrs. Parkinson to go to New Britain, which is out of the hurricane belt, but well in among the earthquakes, to start plantations at Ralum.

Queen Emma was a great traveller, not only among the islands of the South Seas, but knowing also the towns on the Australian coast and far-away Europe.

Her third husband was a German officer, much younger than herself, called Captain Kolbe. While they were at Monte Carlo, he died suddenly, and she passed away a few days later.

We drove away from the main road up a gradual rise, and at last came to a big gate which was rusty on its hinges and could not be moved, so we had to go in search of another entrance.

The beautiful grounds of Gunantambu were now desolate. The trees grew wildly, creepers and vines strangled everything in their embrace, the grass was seeding, the walks neglected.

Miti shook her head sadly. "I wish you could

have seen it in my sister's time. Everything was in such beautiful order, but now all is ruined ! "

The bungalow was on the levelled top of the hill. It covered a large extent of ground with its six spacious rooms and the widest verandas I have ever seen. A little distance away were the guest-houses and the kitchen quarters.

There were very gay doings here in Queen Emma's day, for she kept open house and everyone was welcome : the officers from the German war-boats, stray travellers and explorers, sisters from the mission, planters from far and near—all shared her lavish hospitality.

Mrs. Müller, the widow of a German who had recently died in New Ireland, was staying at the bungalow, waiting until the Mandate came through to know her fate.

We sat on the veranda and tea was brought by a dignified old man, with the air of the last faithful retainer of a noble family. He had been Queen Emma's butler and he wore the livery of her house servants. It was very quaint, a long white linen coat, with numerous buttons. It gave him rather a clerical appearance in spite of his black skin.

He waited on us solemnly, and when this strange relic of the past had gone the three ladies began talking of the old glories of Gunantambu; soon their tears fell freely.

" Life has changed," sighed Mrs. Müller; " our happy days are gone. Queen Emma is fortunate to have escaped these sad times."

It was very pathetic to listen to the poor ladies. Outside, the beautiful butterflies fluttered above the

gorgeous hibiscus hedge, the brilliant croton leaves moved gently in the sunshine, and everything was peaceful.

But the terrors of the Mandate and the Expropriation Board robbed life of all its joys. For Mrs. Müller there was no doubt, she would certainly be deported. But she was German and Germany was home to her, and doubtless she had friends there. She wept because she would pass away from the lavish beauty and abundance of the South Seas to a dull, dreary existence in the Fatherland.

Sister Augusta dreaded the cold above all things. She was very feeble and had only a few years to live. She hoped the missionaries would be successful in their appeal for her to be allowed to stay.

It was hardest of all for Miti, a Samoan who knew no other world than the Pacific. One could not imagine this country without her.

We went over the bungalow, the gloom and emptiness of its big rooms and verandas were in curious contrast with the sunshine outside. The black servants gazed at us as if visitors were rare now, and I am afraid we compared unfavourably with the rollicking guests of the past.

Poor Gunantambu! Will your hospitable doors ever open again to mirth and gaiety? The paint is peeling from the woodwork, the quaint old furniture creaks complainingly, the wide verandas look desolate, and the deserted grounds protest in vain against these long years of neglect.

In front of the bungalow was a grassy lawn, and beyond that a wonderful flight of stone steps, of an incredible width, led down the hill-side. They

reminded me of the huge steps in the Campo Santo of Genoa. Down below them were the groves of coco-nut palms and beyond them the sea.

It was a strange scene and unique in its simplicity.

The sun was setting and its opal hues formed the background for this three-toned picture of white steps, dark palms and sunlit sea.

CHAPTER XVIII

IDIOSYNCRASIES

PIDGIN-ENGLISH, or *bêche-de-mer* English, as it is often called, can be very perplexing.

A young Australian lady was very puzzled to understand what her cook-boy meant when he announced, "No got piccaninny belong *di-wai*." She knew piccaninny meant child, and *di-wai* meant tree. Of course the cook wanted currants, for they are the seeds or children of the vine.

If you ask a native what a piano is, he will say, "Him one big fellow box. Him savvy plenty teeth. Suppose Missus fight him plenty, him sing out."

Then a saw, "Pull him, he come; push him, he go: him savvy plenty teeth. Bimeby, he *kaikai* all *di-wai*" (he eats all the wood).

They describe a kiss, "Him *kaikai* mouf belong Missus."

A missionary's wife in Papua was upbraiding her boy for stealing sugar.

(Think what a fearful temptation the white man's goods are to a native !)

The Sinabada reminded him of Tarbada's teachings and mentioned that he was jeopardizing his chance of heaven. Shaking his fuzzy head dolefully, the culprit admitted, "Me like Tarbada talk along garden (*i. e.* heaven). Me like talk along harp." (The Papuans

adore Jew's harps, the only ones they know !) Then still more sadly, " Me no like talk along *kum-kum* " (*i. e.* bird or duck, the nearest synonym for angel !). He repeated again, " Me no like talk along *kum-kum*. S'pose boy come along with gun ? "

What useful purpose is served by promising a garden, doubtless to be worked by the unfortunate wife while the man plays the Jew's harp and flies about in the form of a bird ? It certainly would give bird-angels furiously to think if there were any boys about with guns !

A lady invited me to go to her island mission where the natives were so civilized that in their huts they gave one afternoon tea, correctly served, tray cloth and all. I expect they looked upon it as a religious ceremony !

A magistrate was rather startled by a Papuan coming to him and announcing, " Me want to make court (*i. e.* summon) along man name Jesus Christ." He replied, " You can't do that," but as the native persisted, he asked him to explain.

" Missionary man, he come to me, he want my copra. He make one little heap. He make one big heap. Missionary man buy one little heap, he pay. Man name Jesus Christ buy big heap, he pay bimeby. Me wait many moons. Jesus Christ no pay. Me make court along Jesus Christ."

What the missionary did was to take the copra as a contribution towards the expenses of the work of the church, and to promise a future reward, but the elementary native, with his keen trading instincts, did not understand.

The missionaries tell the natives to bring to them

all the motherless babies that would otherwise be buried alive. The native teachers are often able to do this, but when they are far away from a settlement it is sometimes difficult for them to arrive in time. One little baby was rescued by a teacher's wife, who kept it alive for fourteen days by feeding it with the water in which yams were boiled. When it reached the mission it was only skin and bone, but it soon revived and grew into a healthy child.

The wonderful woman who is known as the " Queen of Südost " had her launch anchored one night near a beach. She could not sleep because of the pitiful wailing of a child. At last she got a hurricane-lamp and rowed ashore in the dinghy. She began to search and came across some deserted huts, and in one of them was a starving baby. It must have been there for some days, for it was very emaciated, and had sucked all the skin from its little fingers ! The Government " mandated " it to her and it is now about nine years old.

The natives are very fond of making necklaces of the seeds which in their great variety of form and colour are so characteristic a feature of New Guinea flora. There are pear-shaped seeds in jet-black and nigger-brown. Then there are the distinctive round scarlet seeds with a black blot. A duller red seed is disc-shaped and as large as a threepenny-bit. Job's tears are queer grey seeds.

They must exercise great patience in collecting these seeds, some of which are very tiny, and in arranging them they show considerable taste.

They make armlets by grinding down the trochus and other shells.

I noticed boys in Samarai wearing very picturesque garlands of a tawny yellow. I was amazed to find they were only the yellow projections cut from the rind of the pineapple! Of course they had no chance of collecting seeds on the island and one had to wear something in the way of ornament!

In New Ireland there is some filigree tortoise-shell work done. It is wonderful how they attain such skill and delicacy. After the cutting out of the pattern, the ornament is ground down to the thinness of paper and it is worn over a piece of smooth white shell, which makes an effective background for the delicate design.

Sometimes as we drove along we came across what seemed to be wayside shrines.

Some were very elaborate, a big heap of coco-nuts with a framework of bamboo, decorated with leaves, flowers or brightly coloured feathers. The whole would be enclosed by boundaries of various things, chiefly coco-nuts or bamboo stems.

When I inquired what they meant, Miti would reply, "They are taboo, no one dare touch them, they are sacred."

No matter how badly a native wanted a coco-nut, he never dared take one that was taboo.

Sometimes these shrines were very primitive, consisting, perhaps, of a string extending from one tree to another, with coco-nuts tied on, and a few gay feathers.

Some were so ancient that the coco-nuts were covered with green mould. But their sanctity still remained, perhaps to appease some unknown but angry spirit, or to keep unruly mortals in a proper state of subjection.

On the road from Kokopo to Rabaul we noticed a collection of quite elaborate buildings, apparently in imitation of a bungalow and a stable. They were beautifully built with ornamental grass roofs, and in the stable was a horse carved out of solid wood and painted brown and white. This great effort was in celebration of a wedding, but we could not find out any more about it.

Even New Britain has its unscrupulous financiers and quacks.

There was one many years ago who announced that for a payment of *tambu* he could make the men bullet proof, and when they were all invulnerable they could attack with impunity the white men at Kokopo.

His method was to load his gun with a red berry instead of a bullet, and, when after due incantations he fired this at the boy's heart, it left a red streak of juice, which he promptly wiped away and showed that the skin was intact!

When all the tribe were thus treated, they attacked the settlement, but were repulsed with great slaughter.

Meanwhile the enterprising financier had not waited to see results, but was exploiting other districts, and even selling his patent to various chiefs!

There is a picturesque fishing village near Kuradui, and within its palisade are great shady trees, under whose shelter are the men's huts. Big fish baskets, in all stages of construction, from the mere beginnings to the finished trap, complete with its big twisted cane cable, anchor and float, are to be seen. The men bring the lengths of cane down from the bush, and make their baskets most symmetrically.

The canoes were pulled up on the beach.

The men had lovely times in the fishing villages, which are just as good as white men's clubs. They used to talk and rest and smoke, without any fear of contradiction or interruption. And they knew the " Maries " were all working hard in the gardens, and minding the piccaninnies, and when evening came they would have plenty of good *kaikai* ready for their lords and masters who had been so dreadfully busy all day in the fishing villages !

If a native woman went inside the fence, no self-respecting fish would enter the traps and all the men's work would be in vain !

Although we were of the despised sex, we were allowed to go over it and see everything. I suppose our white skins and masterful ways made all the difference.

The new baskets are often hung in trees by the roadside, and look like some grotesque fruit against the green foliage.

The big ones are for deep-sea fishing and the little ones are used on the reefs. The brightly coloured fish caught among the reefs were delicious eating. Some were pink, with stripes of blue, or green or lavender. Besides these gorgeous fish, we used to eat queer spiky things that came from the bottom of the sea.

It is delightful in the early morning to see half a dozen canoes paddling away from the shore, each with its big fish basket on board.

Brightly coloured butterflies or *bebes* (pr. like French *bébé*) were everywhere. The commonest was

the brilliant green and black, a beautiful thing, whose mate was large and homely in shades of brown and drab. Then there were small bebes all of one colour, either pale blue or canary yellow, or light green. Some were brown, with vivid scarlet patches, others were nasturtium-coloured, and some rare ones had iridescent bands that glittered like jewels. Occasionally we saw a big butterfly with splotches of vivid peacock blue. Miti said these belonged to the island of Buka, so we called them our " blue Bukas." They were difficult to catch, and morning after morning as we sat on the veranda the cry would arise " bebe, bebe," and Adolf and the " Maries " would seize the butterfly nets and dash out into the sunshine, and at last they caught the gallant blue Buka that loved to linger over the flowers at Kuradui.

There were dainty bebes in delicate shades of mauve, and brown ones with blue and pink patches, and some were quaint little Puritans in pearl-grey and white.

In Woodlark are very large butterflies measuring ten inches across the wings—these fly high among the tree-tops, and are shot with special rifles with a very small bore.

There are huge moths, even larger.

The natives are supposed to marry with those who have a different totem from themselves; this prevents too much intermarrying.

The children always adopt the totem of the mother.

Mrs. Parkinson tells of a case where a boat-load of white people landed on an island a long time ago. The men were all killed, but the women were kept and their children were given the crane as their totem,

for the blacks thought its feathers resembled the long straight hair of the white mothers.

The same authority also speaks of some members of a tribe who had lost their totem, but by examining the lines on the palms of their hands it was possible to discover what tribe they belonged to.

The blacks have various uncomfortable ways of proving they can "endure hardness." The young "labours" have ornamental gashes forming patterns on their chests. I asked the reason, and one replied shyly, "Make me sitrong." I suppose ability to endure pain proves their manhood.

On the South Coast is a tribe of long heads. These bind their babies' heads tightly with string so that the head becomes elongated and conical, and the top of it is raised at the back much higher than the forehead. The process must be a very painful one, for the poor babies wear an agonized expression.

There was a report that one tribe on the South Coast had tails so large that before sitting down they had to scoop a hole in the ground big enough to accommodate them! Fortunately they were removable, being merely very large bunches of grass and foliage worn as—if not the *latest*, certainly the *largest* thing in bustles one could imagine!

Mrs. Parkinson wanted some more coral cups to plant ferns in to adorn the veranda, so she arranged for a canoe to take us out. We had a long drive first, and on our way we stopped at Raluana to see the missionary about Jonah, not the prophet, but a *luluai*, who is trying to make a corner in eggs! White folk buy them at two for a stick of tobacco (3*d.*), and he tells

the villagers to charge double. No one wants to buy eggs at 3*d.* each! He's an old villain! He lines the natives up and lectures them just as if he were a planter, and the poor old women who want to sell their eggs find it very hard to evade him.

They all bring their troubles to Mrs. Parkinson, who unravels many a tangled skein.

One of the half-caste girls at the mission gave me some grey seeds from the rushes, made into a necklace. Mrs. Parkinson told me the *luluais* were amused at my high and mightiness wearing such rubbish!

It was very pleasant in the canoe, which was only about twelve inches across, but the outrigger prevented it from capsizing.

The boys paddled well and we cut swiftly and smoothly through the water. We got near Vulcan Island, and down below at the bottom, for it was shallow, we could see coral cups of all shapes and sizes. The boys slipped in and dived for as many as we could find room for.

It was very peaceful. A gentle breeze stirred the palms on the beach. The opal lights of the sunset tinted the rippling water.

One knew in a hazy way that in other places was the grim struggle for existence and debt and worry, and all kinds of unpleasantness. Here all was calm and beautiful. There was nothing to trouble about, nothing to do.

This was the land of forgetfulness. I was often surprised when I tried to recall passages from favourite books to find how I had forgotten everything. I said so to Mrs. Parkinson.

She quite understood. "It is always so here," she

said. "You are getting the New Guinea memory. That shows you are becoming acclimatized."

Evidently the river Lethe is somewhere in the Tropics, and a drink from its waters brings the gift of forgetfulness that is so essential to all happy dwellers in lotus-land.

CHAPTER XIX

A WEEK-END IN RABAUL

WHILE I was writing in the Samoa house this afternoon, Mrs. Brown's motor arrived and she invited me to spend the week-end with her and see the sing-sing that was prepared for the Prince. We motored first to Kokopo, as she and her friends had arranged to have dinner there. Then we played bridge and motored into Rabaul somewhere about midnight.

It was a lovely drive, with the moonlit water on our right, and glimpses of the Beehive Rocks and the Mother and Daughters to be seen between the trees. On our left was the steep hill-side, with its dark, mysterious forest.

Motorists are very reckless here. We dashed along the narrow winding road as if there were not another car in the place. There are over fifty of them, and most people motor out to Kokopo or Toma in the evenings.

I shared Mrs. Brown's bedroom, which is beautifully cool and airy, with plenty of doors and windows. She is a young widow who has lived here for some years. Her house-boy, Kuta, is a Sulka, with a funny long head, compressed when he was a baby, and big, protruding lips, due, I expect, to his infantile protestations

against such cruelty. He is eighteen years of age, but looked thirty, and was like a father to us.

When we were settled in our beds, to my surprise, he came in the room, saw that everything was right, locked the door opening on to the front veranda, took the lamp away and bade us goodnight.

When there are earthquake shocks, he is in the room like a flash of lightning to reassure Mrs. Brown, who is nervous. He tells her it is a " lik-lik gria, sah," and not to be frightened.

He always has charge of her jewellery and is perfectly trustworthy.

One night she had a sore throat and he was quite concerned. He damped one of her handkerchiefs for a compress, but, finding it too small, he got a stocking and pinned it round her neck !

Mrs. Brown is a great talker and, the first night of my visit, the reputations of all the white inhabitants of Rabaul were torn to shreds. The revelations outrivalled royalty, not excluding Nero, Louis XIV and Cleopatra.

My character was the only one that survived the scorching blast, and it probably joined the rest when the next guest arrived !

Scandal flourishes in these small communities, and, as the cases are frequently taken to court, the excitement agreeably varies the monotony of afternoon teas and tennis.

Mrs. Brown is most hospitable and a great many of the men find their way here of an evening. The veranda is very cool, and its comfortable chairs are much appreciated, also the drinks and smokes so lavishly supplied.

Kuta acts as a kind of chaperon and he likes all guests to depart at reasonable hours. One man made a practice of outstaying the others, but Kuta knew how to deal with him. After giving him reasonable time to make his adieux, Kuta, armed with brooms, would go on the veranda and, although it was 11 p.m., he would begin to sweep vigorously, banging the chairs about, and shaking the mats, getting nearer and nearer to the dilatory guest, until the latter could stand it no longer and was forced to depart.

Kuta and the cook-boy had both been rescued from drowning by Mr. Brown, and were devoted to him. After his death they transferred their allegiance to Mrs. Brown, calling her " Sah." They agreed to stay with her as long as she remained a widow, but if she married again they would leave.

The bathroom had the weirdest Japanese bath, of some kind of crockery, coloured dark green on the outside and bright yellow within. It was shaped like a very tall and narrow pudding basin. It was about three feet high and only three feet in diameter at the top, so there was no possibility of taking a plunge !

The house " Mary," a fine-looking woman named Karni, had had a varied career. At one time she was Queen Emma's favourite maid, and she was with her at Monte Carlo when she died.

Karni returned to Rabaul wearing silk stockings, *suède* shoes, and the latest thing in hats, but her fine clothes and her good fortune wore out together.

Her first husband was serving a long sentence in Kalabus for murdering his brother, and her second husband was serving a short sentence for theft, so altogether Karni did not seem to have much luck in

matrimony! But she had a happy disposition, an indulgent mistress, and a faculty for collecting all the gossip in Rabaul and its surroundings!

On Saturday afternoon, we went to the Princely sing-sing, which was not nearly as interesting as the one we had at Kuradui. The residents were all on the veranda of the Administrative buildings and a dozen sing-sings were in full swing all the time, so there was plenty to look at.

In the evening a lot of people dropped in, and so, much to Kuta's disapproval, we retired very late. We decided to have a good long night and breakfast in bed.

Alas! at day-break Kuta woke us, announcing that there was a white Missus in the sitting-room, who had come in during the night, and who was crying "plenty too much."

Mrs. Brown went to investigate and returned with the news that it was Mrs. Smith's nurse. Mrs. Smith was a beautiful virago, who treated her white nurse very badly, and yet she would not let the girl go South. Poor Annie could not bear any more and had run away. Mrs. Brown sent her to bed in the guest-room and gave her some tea.

Then we tried to resume our slumbers, but Mr. Smith's motor, which we had heard careering about the town, dashed up and he entered and asked if Mrs. Brown knew anything about Annie. He said he had had a hell of a night. We could quite believe it. He interviewed Annie and promised, if she would return to the house, she should go South by the next boat.

Then Kuta brought breakfast, but before we got to

the granadilla stage Mrs. Smith rushed in like a whirlwind. She wanted to find out how much Annie had told Mrs. Brown. The latter was very tactful: *i. e.* she told lots of fibs. Things might have been serious, for Mrs. Smith was getting more and more *crescendo fortissimo*, but luckily Mrs. Schultze dropped in and Mrs. Smith departed. Then Mrs. Hoff came with a basket of mangoes.

In between these incidents the telephone rang frequently, and various boys arrived with " pepper," either inviting us out, or announcing people were coming to call.

Our visions of a calm and restful Sabbath morning were not fulfilled.

In the evening a large and informal indignation meeting was held on the veranda. Some of the men begged Mrs. Brown to take poor Annie in and they would gladly pay her board, others offered to pay her steamer fare home.

One afternoon we went to Kabakada for some festivities. I never knew what they were for the best of reasons—we did not get there till they were over! Our chauffeur failed us, and after waiting a couple of hours we asked good-natured Mrs. Schultze (Samoans are all good-natured) to drive us.

We motored quickly, but had to slow down going through the tunnel. This is a primitive construction on the way to the North Coast, which is to be blown up soon, and there is a notice warning people that it is dangerous, and that one enters it at one's own risk. Everyone goes through it cautiously and is relieved on emerging safely.

On the beach we noticed some trees with vivid red

leaves, something like our autumn tints, but they are the same all the year round.

We passed the house of the priest who rears baby crocodiles and stopped for a few moments to see them. They are in a strong, iron enclosure. One was about six feet long and very vigorous. We poked it with a stick, and it turned on us savagely and gave a vicious bark. They have horrible eyes, which they thrust forward when they want to look at anyone.

We continued our journey, and suddenly the car kicked, or something very like it, and we swerved off the road and started on a wild but brief career among the palms. We carried away long lengths of wire fencing, and sundry posts, and uprooted young cocoanuts marked the course we had unwillingly taken. Finally we struck a big palm, the car made a vain but valiant effort to travel up its smooth, straight stem, then fell back exhausted. Luckily we had struck with the middle of the engine and did not overturn.

Our hats were flattened and we had many bruises, otherwise we were not much the worse. Some natives helped to get the car, which was badly knocked about, on to the road again, and we arrived at the mission just in time to see everyone going away. But our kind host and hostess showed us something of the place and gave us belated afternoon tea.

Mrs. Schultze was a niece of Mrs. Parkinson and she was married to a German living in Kaewieng, New Ireland. Her two sons were being educated in Germany and they were staying with their father's sisters. Her great trouble was that, although she had plenty of money, she was not allowed during the war to send any away, and she was very worried about the

privations her little sons had to endure. But the Administrator had recently permitted her to forward a large amount, so she was quite happy about them now.

My stay in Rabaul came to an end, and I drove to Malakuna, on the opposite side of the bay, where Mrs. Parkinson had arranged to send for me. I spent a happy day with Mrs. Chambers, then night came, but no motor or buggy arrived.

About eight o'clock Mr. Waterhouse found a strange little " monkey " with a buggy lost in the grounds. On inquiry being made, " pepper " was produced in which Mrs. Parkinson asked if I would mind driving on with the " monkey " and she would meet me half-way with another carriage. If I preferred she would call for me herself on the morrow.

Mr. Chambers and Mr. Waterhouse did not think either the buggy or the driver quite safe and urged me to wait, but of course I could not give Mrs. Parkinson so much extra trouble. So they both went out and carefully examined everything.

Mrs. Parkinson had a beautiful faith in Providence and often, as we started for a drive, she would say, " I think the harness will hold, and most of the buckles are fastened."

I remember once the horse-boy forgot to put one shaft through the leather ring, and it was very exciting when Mrs. Parkinson got in and the shaft flew up in the air. As a rule, I think the buggies are safe enough when Mrs. Parkinson is in, for the horses have great respect for her.

It took the men a long time to make everything secure. They unharnessed the horse and used lots of

string, and refilled the lantern which swings beneath the buggy. They did not seem to have much faith in the scared-looking " monkey " and urged me to drive. I said I could not drive, and could not even see to drive if I had wanted to. But I asked if the rule of the road was " left." " Yes," they said, " it is ' left ' now. In German times it was ' right.' "

Luckily the pony was very quiet. The " monkey " looked frightened, the darkness, and a white Missus were too much for him, he glanced wildly from side to side, and his eyes rolled incessantly.

Presently he gasped, " Boat-belong-bush," and at the same time a horn tooted just behind us.

I felt indignant at not having a longer warning.

Of course the " monkey " wanted to turn to the right, but was prevailed upon to turn to the left, and we got well among the crotons, just leaving room for the motor to pass.

For a while we drove on without incident. It was very dark, the lantern lighting up the horse's legs but not much else. Little murmuring noises came from the forest, then suddenly something dashed across the road, just in front of the horse. It was a pig, and even our quiet steed got a fright and showed some inclination to stand on its hind-legs. This proceeding so scared my Jehu that he nearly fell out of the back of the buggy.

We all resumed our normal positions and after a while we saw a little light in the darkness ahead. The little " monkey " grinned widely and said " Missus " in a tone of great relief. It was a very little light, or else a great distance away. It danced along rather unsteadily, then suddenly it rose in the air and disappeared above the palms !

" Hech," snorted the " monkey." " Him one big fellow firefly ! "

The next deceptive light turned out to be a burning coco-nut shell, lighting a native home. Then there was a little fire by the roadside with half a dozen boys smoking round it. Finally there was a lantern on the beach, evidently the signal for a belated canoe.

At last the " monkey's " ever-hopeful cry of " Missus " turned out to be right, and I gladly got into her buggy and we drove home together.

CHAPTER XX

SHADOWS

"WE may as well drive to Kokopo, as it is moonlight," said Mrs. Parkinson. "I have to see the District Officer, and it will be beautifully cool."

But the D.O. was not at home, and in his office was Captain S.

"Good-evening, Captain S.," began Mrs. Parkinson, "or perhaps I ought to say Major?" for there had been a recent epidemic of promotions.

"No, the missionaries have stopped my getting promotion," he said bitterly.

"How is that?"

"Some of their absurd leniency with the natives. They think one should not punish a nigger, no matter how he deserves it."

It was evidently a sore subject, so she began to speak of something else.

"Where have you been this time?"

"I went out surveying in the North and we had some trouble with the natives. Bainings they were."

"What happened?"

"They began slinging stones at us. You know what that means. So we had to shoot."

"Did you shoot many?" I asked.

"Oh, we couldn't keep count," he replied indifferently. "They fell among the taros and we lost sight of them. But we gave them a jolly good lesson."

There is a very poor chance for the next white men those Bainings meet!

I asked the manager of one of the plantations if he knew anything of Captain S.'s treatment of the natives.

"Yes," he replied. "He is very cruel. He was angry with a police boy who was not standing quite correctly, and brought down his musket on his feet so that the bones were broken and he had to be sent to hospital for treatment."

Later on, when I was with a number of Australians, this man's name came up and at once there was a chorus.

"I saw him kick a native in the mouth and his cheek was split."

"I know worse than that. He was responsible for ordering a native twenty-eight days No. 1 Field Punishment, two hours a day! I can give you a photo showing eight blacks undergoing this barbarous treatment in the gaol at Rabaul. One of the soldiers could not endure the groans of the poor wretches and he went and informed the missionaries. Two of these came and saw for themselves, and then they fetched the Administrator. He was not by any means a soft-hearted man, but when he heard the heart-rending moans he went quite white and exclaimed:

"'Good heavens! I have seen men in agony at the Front, but I have never seen such torture as this.'"

He at once ordered the men to be cut down, and the young captain was sent South. Unfortunately he soon returned.

I was at a dinner-party once when the conversation turned on the pilfering habits of the natives. One officer described how his hen-house had been robbed, but finally his dogs caught the intruder.

He thrashed him till he was tired and then handed him over to the police boys, who were only too pleased to continue the treatment by kicking him.

"I saw him next day in prison and he was still trembling like a leaf," laughed the gallant soldier, who was also a medical man. "And he got six months' Kalabus."

"You broke the law far more than the ignorant native," I said indignantly.

The Pessimist was only a "voice crying in the wilderness," and no one really paid any attention to him, but some of the echoes lingered.

He spoke in volcanic outbursts, but he seemed to know more about Papua and German New Guinea than most people.

"Honest men are hard to find nowadays," he announced vigorously one hot afternoon, when it was really too oppressive to do anything but dream. "Civilization and dishonesty march hand in hand. The worship of Mammon has reached its zenith, and no matter how mean and unworthy a man may be, if he is wealthy enough he bulks largely in the public eye.

"Papua is a wonderful country," he mused. "It will grow anything—sugar, copra, tea, sisal hemp, coffee, cocoa, tobacco, rubber, rice and cotton. Then there are all the native foods—sago, tapioca, yams, taros and many vegetables whose names I don't know. Look at the fruits! Did you ever eat such delicious

pineapples as those grown round Samarai? But those fatheads down South!" he fumed, and then he marched to the end of the veranda to get rid of words not fit for our ears.

Coming back in a calmer frame, he continued:

"Look how well developed this territory is! Then compare it with Papua, where there are only fifteen miles of road, from Port Moresby to Sapphire Creek. There are hundreds of miles here! Look at Port Moresby, it has not a decent street. Cottages put anywhere! No adequate water supply and it is in the dry belt. Look how the place suffered recently, not sufficient water for drinking purposes, and the Government only need lay a few miles of piping to give the town a plentiful supply! No wonder there was enteric fever, as if settlers in the Tropics hadn't enough to endure without having preventable diseases thrust upon them."

"But the natives are well cared for," I said, trying to appease him.

"What about the hospital scandal," he inquired, "when the new doctor found patients starving in the native hospital? Imagine making a black orderly responsible for the food rations! Naturally he feasted his friends instead of distributing it properly among the inmates. How is it the regular doctor did not find it out, and how did the hospital get into such a condition?"

Here he shrugged his shoulders, and as I hadn't any answer to all these questions I shrugged my shoulders too.

"Why are the townspeople always having public meetings and petitioning for a new Administrator and

a different policy? Why don't they find oil? There seems to be plenty and there are funny stories about the bores not being sunk below a certain depth, and of operations ceasing suddenly when there is any indication of oil! There were some very straight questions put to one oil expert, but he only laughed.

"Properly managed, Papua and New Guinea, with their wonderful vegetation, their oil and mineral deposits, and their huge agricultural population, might become a prosperous and wealthy country, and an invaluable asset to Australia, for they could produce cheaply so many things that are necessary for us."

"Do you think it will ever happen?"

"No," he said bitterly. "Australia cannot manage her own affairs. Her policy is to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs. It needs statesmen, honest and fearless, to develop this country. Look at Fiji and Samoa! In Papua a black man's word is taken before a white man's, and, when the Administrator returned from his trip down South, he shook hands with his black staff before greeting his white officials!

"Look at the sugar question," continued the Pessimist, whose energy seemed to increase with the heat of the day. "In Papua and here sugar is 1*s.* 4*d.* a lb., and yet it grows in the native gardens. There are eighty different kinds of sugar growing wild in Papua and some of it is the finest cane in the world—in fact it was used to plant in Queensland, and yet there is not a single sugar plantation. The poor fruit-growers in all parts of Australia, the jam and canning factories, are facing ruin because with dear sugar they cannot compete in the world's markets."

"But why are there no sugar-fields here?"

" Some time ago a company took up ten thousand acres of land in Papua in order to grow cane. They were stopped by the authorities, who would not allow labour to be indentured for more than one year. A *kanaka* is not very useful during his first year's service and the company could not carry on without some skilled labour. With proper care, humane treatment and regular holidays, there can be no rational objection to a three years' contract. It is a good thing for the young boys to learn to work, and they are far healthier than if left in the unwholesome moral and physical atmosphere of their native village.

" I've seen Papuan officials inspecting the *kanakas* and some of them are excellent men. They take each boy aside and ask him if he is happy and well treated, if he has good *kaikai* and if Tarbada is a ' good fellow boss.' There are always some men who ill-treat black labour, just as there are some men who ill-treat their wives and children."

I asked him if he had seen much of German methods.

" The results seem excellent," he said rather doubtfully. " But I do not know at what cost to the natives they have been obtained. The blacks here have far more respect for their master than those in Papua. Do you remember hearing of the Germans who were publicly flogged in Rabaul ? "

" Yes," I replied.

" One was rather a curious man, a typical German, patriotic and ruthless. When Germany ' flung the red gauntlet in the face of civilization,' he was living the lonely planter's life on an island about sixty miles

from Rabaul. As soon as he got the news he set out in a dinghy with a barrel of water and a tin of biscuits. He was a skilled shot and was responsible for the deaths of the two young Australians."

"Something cheerful, please," said our hostess. "We just have time to hear two amusing stories before dressing for dinner."

"Don't seem to know any," he murmured; then brightening: "Oh, yes; I was in port once when there was no bread to be had, only scones. The baker was in gaol for three weeks, and no one else could make bread. Finally, at the end of a fortnight, people could stand it no longer, so they insisted on his being released. The whole town had violent indigestion next day through eating hot bread. How's that?" he inquired anxiously.

"A little better," we assured him.

"I had rather a funny experience in Samarai. I wanted a game of billiards badly, and when I saw K. I asked him to play. I knew he was a crack player, but I didn't mind being beaten, it was just the game I wanted, and he was lounging about doing nothing.

"To my surprise, he gave me a withering look and turned away. I could not understand it and mentioned it to a friend. 'I don't wonder he is annoyed,' he said. 'Naturally he could not go and play billiards. Why, he's in gaol, man, for killing a fellow in Misima. There's only the native gaol here, and so he is allowed the run of Samarai, but it wouldn't be—well—etiquette for him to go to the hotel!' 'Seems a funny business.' 'Not at all,' he replied, rather nettled. 'The landlady

said if the trial proceeded she would close the hotel altogether. That meant no meals for any of us as well as no drinks! She said the fellow in Misima deserved all he got and that K. acted in self-defence. Anyhow, the magistrate suggested that he should take a month's imprisonment, figuratively speaking, and K. agreed.' "

" What about his meals? "

" Oh, of course the Government paid for his meals as he was a prisoner, and he had them sent over from the hotel to his room at the cottage."

Later on, when I was leaving Rabaul, I noticed a man I had met leaning over the side and looking very grave. I knew his wife was very ill and feared he had had bad news.

" No," he said, " but I am so bitterly disappointed. Our men were so fine at the Front, but in the Tropics so many deteriorate."

" Not all," I said. " There are some splendid men here. It is drink that causes most of the trouble."

" How many men has H. E. sent South? " he demanded hotly. " I know they come back. They go and appeal to some fool politician and come back to a more responsible job and a higher salary."

Half a dozen other men gathered round and each added his experience.

" I know a rogue who robs the *kanakas* of their wretched pay," said one. " Imagine robbing a nigger who gets five shillings a month and who has worked in exile for three long years! "

" But why does the *kanaka* give up his money? " I asked.

" Oh, he tells him it is to pay his steamer fare or some such rubbish."

" Is it true that some give the natives No. 1 Field Punishment ? "

" Yes, in out-of-the-way places. I know of one case where a poor wretch was strung up and the native police boys—you know how cruel they can be—scraped away the earth from under his toes, and when the officer had him cut down he was dead."

" Is it true," I asked, " what is said of Mr. X. Y. Z. ? He was district officer at the Northern Group and collected £800 annually as the native tax. When he was replaced by someone else, the yearly returns were £2000."

" Yes," they said, " it's true. The shortage was £1200 a year. He was sent South."

" Yes," said another, " but he returned as usual—to a better position and a higher salary."

" It is a disgrace——" I began, but a cabin door near opened abruptly and a furious man faced me angrily.

" How dare you say such a thing ? " he demanded, hardly able to articulate for rage.

We argued hard, and meanwhile the other men were very quiet, smoking and admiring the cloud effects in the sky.

I did not quite understand their sudden indifference, but of course I knew men were much wiser than women.

Meanwhile I sustained my share of the debate with heat if not with skill, and finally the intruder retired abruptly.

A sigh of relief arose from the quiet group of smokers.
I looked at them in perplexity.
" Why is he so angry ? " I asked.
Then one rose and took off his hat ceremoniously.
" That was Mr. X. Y. Z. himself ! "

CHAPTER XXI

SAMARAI

ALL too soon the time came for me to leave Kuradui. The s.s. *Marsina* was at Rabaul, but there were several planters near Kokopo waiting to ship copra, so we naturally concluded she would go there, and it would have been much easier to put my luggage straight on board, instead of sending it to Rabaul.

We went to Ralum and telephoned to B. P.'s office and got the reply that the *Marsina* was not calling at Kokopo !

" What about the copra waiting here ? " we asked.

" It will have to wait for the next boat."

It seemed absurd, for all the planters maintained the *Marsina* was coming to Kokopo straight away.

We sent four different messages ; the reply was always the same.

The boat was announced to leave for Samarai early on Wednesday, so on Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Parkinson drove me and my light luggage into Rabaul, and Adolf and his two assistants took my big box of curios and other luggage in the canoe. When we were halfway there, down came the rain and in a few minutes we were soaked to the skin.

Then we met the Kinigunan car, which told us the *Marsina was* calling at Kokopo !

" The office told us four times that it was not," I said despairingly.

" That's like B. P., isn't it ? " was all the consolation we got.

What were we to do ? I knew Mrs. Parkinson hated the rain, and there was the long journey back for her in any case.

There was no way of warning the men in the canoe, which we could just see over against Matupit.

It seemed best to proceed, so on we went in the blinding rain.

We called in at hospitable Malakuna, where my heavy boxes were stored, and changed into dry clothes, Mrs. Parkinson arraying herself in some of mine with a grey kimono and a mackintosh cape on top.

Then, after some hot tea, we went on. Darkness soon overtook us, so we called in at the Japanese Consul's for a lantern. Komini and his wife came out and invited us to take shelter. They looked very quaint in their silken garments.

But we were in a hurry to reach the *Marsina*, and got to the wharf to find it had just left for Kokopo !

" Why could not the manager give us correct information ? " I asked in exasperation.

" No competition in shipping here," replied one of the men, " so Burns Philp do just as they like."

" It is enough to kill you," I said to Mrs. Parkinson, " driving back seventeen miles in the rain. You won't get home till after midnight. Couldn't you stay in Rabaul till the morning ? "

She shook her head. " No, they would not know

what to do at Kuradui, and I should be afraid for the 'Maries.'"

We could see no sign of the canoe. Adolf, on noticing the *Marsina* steaming away, might have returned home. Anyhow, it was no use waiting and looking at the rain-lashed water.

We went to the hotel, but it was full, people even sleeping on the verandas.

"Have you not even a spare bed?"

"Yes," said the housekeeper dubiously. "There is an extra one in a room where there is a gentleman already."

That wouldn't do.

I rang up Mrs. Brown and explained my plight.

"Come round to me," she said promptly. "Of course I can take you in. I have a dinner-party on, so be as quick as you can."

Mrs. Parkinson took off the garments borrowed from me which were soaking, and put on some lent by the hotel lady. Then, after driving me to Mrs. Brown's, she set off on her long and lonely journey.

I felt very miserable about her, and as I saw her swallowed up by the darkness I could sympathize with the men who talked so frequently about the iniquities of B. P.

A gay dinner-party was going on on the veranda, which I joined after getting into dry clothes.

Among the guests present were the Bainbridges, and it was interesting hearing of their travels, but through it all I was conscious of the little buggy with its lonely occupant driving through the darkness, in the pouring rain, all those long weary miles.

Next morning I went to see what had become of the canoe. I found the three boys sitting by the roadside, looking forlorn and hungry, and my luggage safely deposited under the post office veranda.

I told them to hurry back to Kuradui. Poor Mrs. Parkinson, after her dreadful experiences to be deprived of all her cook-boys !

During the afternoon the *Marsina* returned from Kokopo, and then a boat put out from Malakuna with the rest of my possessions.

It is wonderful how kind people are in these parts, and one has so little opportunity of showing how it is appreciated.

The boat was late in leaving and it was quite dark as we steamed past Kuradui. I went up on the bridge and the captain blew the whistle loudly, and then I saw a light waving to and fro, probably from the steps in front of the bungalow.

Farewell, Kuradui ! Surely justice will prevail in the end ! Meanwhile for many weary months, now hoping, now despairing, Mrs. Parkinson waits to know her fate.

We were only a couple of days getting to Samarai, which we reached at sunset. We waited for medical inspection, which was delayed, as the doctor was attending a young fellow who had just shot himself at the hotel. So we did not land till next morning.

Samarai is a lovely little island, hilly on one side, with waving palms and beautiful crotons, and little bungalows close together. There are three hotels, one at present being used as a picture show, several stores, a church (whose average congregation seems to be

four), and a School of Arts where one can get books. There are about one hundred and fifty white inhabitants, a large proportion of them being young men.

The ladies are very hospitable and friendly. During my first thirty hours on the island I was out to two afternoon teas, two morning teas, a bathe and sundry walks.

The chief topics of conversation are "the rotten administration of Papua," and the "shortcomings of B. P., the octopus of the Pacific!" All the same, I wonder very much what they would do without the Burns Philp Shipping Company!

There is a beautiful walk all round the island, which takes less than half an hour to accomplish, and the views are charming. Other romantic little islands are quite near, and on one side is the mainland of Papua, with its high jagged mountains.

The Papuans are more intelligent than the natives of New Britain, and in this district are bronze in colour. They are gay and bright in manner. The young girls are often very pretty. There is no fear of the white man here!

There are at times a great many *kanakas* in Samarai, as they come here to be paid off, and then they are shipped to their own homes, laden with goods they have purchased, such as frying-pans, billies, tomahawks and hats.

One judges of their wealth by the quantity of *sapi-sapi* they wear, that is, little discs of black or pink money, threaded to form ear-rings, necklaces or belts. Even an ear-ring is worth a pound, and a belt is very valuable.

Then in the big holes in the lobes of their ears the

boys also stick a tuft of flowers, or grass seed, which projects about six inches and gives a gay and jaunty appearance.

The women wear big grass petticoats, which give them the swaying movement of the emu when they walk. This garment is quite as good a vehicle for coquetry as the Frenchwoman's fan. You should see how coquettishly they swing them when there are men near !

When a girl is flirting she will take one of the broader strands of grass, play with it and split it into threads, while she gives her lover coy glances from under her eyelashes if she can spare the time to look at him !

Most of the dandy's vanity is concerned with his huge mop of hair, and the Government find it a salutary punishment to cut closely the hair of prisoners.

It is not etiquette to shake hands here. People meet one another so often, and hands get very hot, so it is really nicer not to. But at first it is difficult for a stranger to remember. They say they get awfully tired of one another, boxed up on a tiny island with nothing fresh to talk about.

It is hardest of all for the young men, who, even if the companies provide quarters, have to have their meals at the hotels, and a fearful amount of drinking goes on.

If the Federal Government really have the interest of New Guinea at heart, the first thing for them to do is to bring in prohibition throughout the territory.

I wonder the Y.M.C.A. authorities do not establish centres at Rabaul, Samarai and Port Moresby. It is dreadful to see young fellows drinking, and there is

nothing here but drink and cards. Samarai is well called " the drinking hell of the Pacific."

Men leading lonely lives on the surrounding plantations come here for a few days, and in their joy at seeing their fellow-men again they shout drinks all round.

A Scotchman came here a week ago. He had not seen a white woman for two years and asked one of the girls to shake hands with him. Then came drinks all round. He proposed to another girl before everybody, which was really rather funny. Last night he shouted, among other things, twenty bottles of champagne at 30*s*. a bottle.

He has a very mean face and it will be a terrible shock to him when he comes to his senses and finds how generous he has been !

Besides, the poor wretch probably only gets £200 or £300 a year. How can people sponge on an intoxicated man !

Some of the men never go South. They have lost touch with their friends, and they are out of place in big cities. Here in the hotels they can always find someone who, if not actually an acquaintance, at least would " know a man, who knew another, who knew the very party's brother," and in the Tropics, where no one is interested in people's grandfathers, that sort of introduction is sufficient.

Oh, how it pours in Samarai ! I got out between the showers, and, as the island is mostly sand, the roads are beautifully clean. I saw one of the clerks walk past the hotel this morning barefooted and carrying his boots in his hand.

One man arrived here during the rain who seemed unusually happy and expressed his delight at being in a " dry " place. I thought he spoke ironically, for the rain was pounding on the roof, the tanks were all overflowing, the verandas were soaked and everything that could leak did so !

He explained that on his plantation there had been thirty-eight inches of rain during the last fortnight; his house, of native materials, with an old sago roof, leaked horribly, and all his food, his clothes and even his matches were wet. He could endure it no longer and had to come away to get dry.

We remarked we thought it wet.

" Look at that ceiling," he said triumphantly, pointing at it, " quite dry ! And this floor quite dry ! There was not a square inch dry in my place ! "

Unfortunately the comparative dryness made him uncommonly thirsty, and before long he was taken to his bedroom—luckily a dry one !

No one has a good word for missions. The only missionary I have heard eulogized is the Rev. J. W. Chambers, whom I met in Rabaul. Those who have seen his work in the islands say he is the finest type of missionary.

The prevailing impression seems to be that the black man's soul is more important than the white man's.

Every effort is made in Papua to punish those who ill-treat the natives, and fines are frequent. A blow given to a lazy boy often means a loss of £5 to his employer.

The natives avoid " signing on " at plantations that

have a bad reputation. There is one place that no *kanakas* will work at, although the manager, whose cruelty was notorious, has long since disappeared.

A lady who went on a plantation to learn the coco-nut industry told us the manager flogged a boy so brutally that he died two days afterwards. Another morning she heard screams from the hospital, and going there found the manager cutting off a boy's diseased toe with a pair of blunt scissors, then he applied pure lysol.

A woman was annoyed with her house-boy because he let the kettle boil dry and get red hot. She applied it to his shoulder, and when she removed it the skin came away. Strangely enough, she was not brought to court. Her husband was an official. She used to drink, otherwise the outrage might never have occurred.

One man told me that during his absence a boy threatened his wife with a hoe—he did not mention what provocation his wife had given. When he came home, he had two other boys with him, otherwise he would have killed the offender and buried him. But as there were witnesses he only tied him to a tree and " bashed " him over the head with the handle, breaking his nose and knocking out his teeth.

Of course women must be protected, and sometimes when these cases are taken to court the natives are not adequately punished. Port Moresby is seething with dissatisfaction.

There are some very fine men here, who carry on the best British traditions of treating the blacks fairly, and they carry the " white man's burden " nobly. But there are a great many " rotters." It is a debatable

point whether drink makes the " rotters " or the " rotters " instinctively take to drink !

One evening there was a drunken inspector belonging to one of the big companies in the hall, and to avoid him I slipped upstairs to write letters on the veranda. He followed, and holding unsteadily to the table he broke into profuse apologies. " Wouldn't insult an English lady for the world." I assured him he had not annoyed me, but he still continued to apologize. At last he saw an acquaintance in the road and hurried down to apologize to him. It is his mania, when inebriated, to apologize to everybody.

Only the outside fringe of Papua is touched, plantations and missions being near the coast. The vast interior is largely an unknown country where the natural cruelty of the natives goes on undisturbed. Occasional expeditions are made inland by mining surveyors, or explorers, or a magistrate with police boys goes to inquire into some outrage.

Cannibalism still goes on. Not far from Port Moresby an old woman fell over a cliff and was killed. Her son helped to eat the remains and, when reprimanded, he replied in surprise, " But why waste good meat ? "

While I was there, two young men entered from Dutch territory, hunting birds of paradise, and were eaten the second day after crossing the Fly River.

Some men live alone among the natives. They must be heroes ! One told me he was alone with them for six months at a time, and to occupy his thoughts he studied their customs and took part in their ceremonies, which gave him great influence over

them. But his district was so infested with mosquitoes that at sundown he had to take refuge under the mosquito nets; there only could he read and smoke in peace.

One lady, whose husband had no control over the natives, had to manage the plantation herself, and lash the *kanakas* if they needed it.

Once she was taken through a dobu, one of the huge communal houses, the largest of which is 800 feet long. It was divided into many compartments, each of which was piled high with the skulls of men who had been eaten. She was a very courageous woman, but even she was frightened, for the blacks were very angry at a woman being admitted, and she was thankful to get out alive.

The hospital is on top of the hill, in a delightful position. It gets all the cool breezes and has beautiful views. It is certainly a credit to the Government, and must be a haven of rest to the sick men who have to rough it on their plantations.

Samarai is also fortunate in its doctor, who is both liked and respected by all the residents, and who is most conscientious in carrying out his work among the natives. His wife is a great favourite, and they both do all they can to help people.

One afternoon I went in his launch to the isolation hospitals. The rain was not very heavy and there were lovely mists among the mountains on the coast. We landed at a charming little island called Gisela, where there were about twenty women patients, mostly pretty, dainty little things. Luckily I brought sweets and tobacco, and they laughed gleefully like children

when I gave them some. The doctor seemed pleased and said they did not often have things given them. He was very good to them, and interested in their welfare.

In a hut apart was a youth suffering from leprosy. He looked so hopeless. He had been someone's cook-boy, and the doctor first suspected he was a leper because he did not feel the pains of burns.

These women have a curious way of smoking. They use a bamboo stem about two feet long, closed at one end by the joint, near which there is a little hole and into this they put the lighted cigarette. They put the open end of the bamboo to their mouth and draw, then they put their lips to the hole where the cigarette was and enjoy the smoke. The bamboo is then passed on to someone else, and the germs too !

As we went to the different patients they all followed us. It was evidently rather an event to have a lady visitor.

On another island the patients were all men.

They are the most fascinating islands, with sandy walks bordered with white coral, with tiny beaches, grassy slopes and the ubiquitous coco-nut palms.

The sun had at last consented to shine and all the boats were putting out their sails to dry. The hotel is only a few yards from the beach and all night one hears the murmuring of the sea.

Sometimes I wake up and think it is a giant's heavy breathing.

One day we were invited to have lunch at a plantation called Boboli. We had a quick, fussy little launch, and luckily the water was fairly smooth, except for the

" tide rips " where the wind blows against the tide and makes furious swirls and foam-crested waves. It is generally rough round Samarai.

When we got near our destination we had to take to the dinghies and row up a queer mangrove creek to a crazy pier.

People here burn mangrove wood while it is wet; it throws out great heat but soon destroys the stoves.

Landing, we walked under graceful sago palms, crossed several creeks and then climbed up the muddy hill-side to the native house where our hostess lived. It was large and comfortable and beautifully cool. This family is of mixed elements, German, Malay and Irish—and Sinn Fein at that ! The children are very attractive. Some have reddish hair and some are dark. One of the men is an adept at stuffing birds of paradise.

In this place is a " dancing tree," frequented at sunrise and sunset by birds of paradise. They perch on the branches, preen themselves and in various ways show off their beautiful plumes. Sometimes after rising in the air they fall in spirals, then they recover and go through all sorts of graceful movements.

We had a delicious lunch with nice bread, real cream and fresh butter. Then it poured all the way home.

Another delightful day we spent at Loani, a rubber plantation that once belonged to Miss Beatrice Grimshaw. We went there in the doctor's launch, and he also took a dozen boys, so that they might go and visit their friends.

We had a steep climb up the hill, and saw some

curious plants and flowers. The house was a native one and overlooked the sea.

It rained hard all day, but we went through the plantation, and saw how the trees were tapped. They were smaller rubber trees than those I had seen in New Britain and they had leaves of a lighter green. Then we went to what looked like a dairy, with its shelves covered with enamelled pans of what appeared to be milk. This was the latex or milky juice; it had coagulated and there was a thick layer of white rubber looking like junket, with a tougher creamy surface. One could lift it without its breaking. It was next taken to the smoke-house to be dried, when it became darker in colour.

The house-boys were very concerned because a duck had hatched some hen's eggs. They thought it awfully clever of the duck and shook their heads, saying admiringly, " Him savvy plenty too much ! "

Three of them brought me towels and soap when I went to wash my hands, which had been well licked by the dogs. They inquired if Sinabada was going to stay a long time.

Some of the questions I could not understand, which the men agreed was just as well !

Going back to the launch, we saw a bright green snake on top of a tree; it looked like a cluster of unripe bananas and was coiled tightly.

The boys were waiting on the beach and seemed very happy after their day in the bush.

The weather had cleared and we had a lovely run home. The sunset was glorious, the sky all opal and gold. The moon was just showing faintly

and the fairy-like islands seemed too beautiful to be real.

One man told me when he first appeared at Woodlark Island, in a white suit, all the inhabitants lined up and sang " God save the King."

In the early days of Samarai no one wore shoes, collars or ties, but when the first two white women arrived these articles became necessary.

When the day's work is over the blacks love to play football. Rain does not hinder, for they take the umbrellas belonging to their various Tarbadas. A football match played in umbrellas is a delightful sight, but I don't know how it agrees with the umbrellas ! It was too wet for me to wait and see the end of the game.

I had an unfortunate experience at the baths one day. My hostess, whom I had not met before, was anxious to practise life-saving and urged me to be the victim. She said she had never rescued anyone before and would like to try.

I explained I could not swim.

" That makes it all the more exciting," she said with enthusiasm.

It seemed churlish to refuse, especially as I was going afterwards to her bungalow for morning tea, so I agreed.

I held on to her shoulder strap with my left hand, and she began to swim to the deeper end of the baths. She was evidently not experienced and got on slowly. I swallowed such quantities of salt water that I began to get asthmatical. Between gasps I urged her to swim quicker.

" Don't let your legs down," she begged; " it is very deep here and I can't dive."

I had plenty of time to reflect what an idiot I was ! At last we reached the steps and safety.

The other ladies, who had watched in breathless silence, now applauded.

" Oh, Mrs. Z., you are courageous ! "

As soon as I could get my breath I exclaimed :

" I am the courageous one ! "

" No," they said, " you are not. You didn't know the risks you ran ! "

Indignation and asthma combined prevented me from being as eloquent as I felt !

CHAPTER XXII

AMONG THE ISLANDS

THE great objection to Samarai, besides its being so small and cramped, is the difficulty one has in getting away from it, for so few boats call.

We went for a little trip in one of the launches this evening, and just as we were about to start, I heard one lady inquiring anxiously if there was a man apiece! "I'm not going unless there is one each."

It sounded horribly flirtatious!

There was a man short!

She went off the wharf to the beach and secured another, who sat by me.

"I don't want one," I whispered indignantly.

"Don't you?" she replied enigmatically. "Wait till this launch turns turtle in a tide-rip! A man can't save more than one in these rough seas!"

I began to have great respect for the lady's common sense.

Luckily the tide-rips treated us kindly or we kept out of their way.

On our return we found the inter-island boat had come in.

The *Soma* was a sturdy little steamer of between two and three hundred tons and it sailed among the islands on the south-east of Papua. I rashly resolved

to go by her, as it seemed my only opportunity of seeing these places.

There were five white men on board and a native crew. The captain was a Norwegian; the mate, Australian; the chief engineer, a Scotsman; the second engineer nondescript and seldom in evidence; the fifth man combined, among many other duties, those of purser and chief steward.

There were eight or ten white passengers, all men, and I was the only white woman on board.

The chief function of the *Soma* was to carry time-expired *kanakas* back to their villages, or newly-signed-on boys to their plantations.

We sometimes had five hundred on board, very tightly packed.

The boat was to sail at 3 a.m. I went to the wharf about 11 p.m., and some of the people from the hotel saw me safely on board.

It was very eerie. The chief engineer showed me to the ladies' cabin, a large, fairly comfortable place, but down below, close to the engines and terribly hot. It had only two small port-holes.

The engineer advised me to lock the door!

"Why?" I asked in surprise. "It will be stifling!"

He hesitated and finally muttered:

"Not safe with so many natives on board."

I began to feel that I had made a mistake in coming on the *Soma!*

The lamp flared smokily in the cabin, the chimney lay in fragments all round it. Cockroaches scuttled about in a business-like way.

And copra bugs? What were they like? I had

asked someone on shore, and he had replied cheerfully, " Oh, you'll soon know them, they bite ! "

I began to undress, and put the sheets and pillows on the seat under the port-holes so as to get more air. It was frightfully hot up against the wharf, but would be cooler when we steamed away.

Meanwhile uncouth sounds of festivity were coming from the little saloon. Evidently the men were drinking. I suddenly thought, if there were a bar on board, I should have a dreadful time ! I ought to have made inquiries, idiot that I was !

After two or three hours, the noise in the saloon reached its height, then good-nights were said and the men stumbled away.

Soon the boat began to move, and we were off.

I went to the port-hole and tried to get more air. The little breeze that came in was refreshing.

Putting cotton wool in my ears, to keep insects out, I lay down and must have fallen asleep, but something walked over my hand, and I sprang up, wide awake. Evidently it was a cockroach, for it did not bite.

Suddenly there were sounds of confusion, loud cries from the women and children and someone shouting orders.

I put on my dressing-gown and slippers and went towards the door. I was hurled violently against the table. I tried to unlock the door. In vain, the key would not turn !

The boat rolled wildly. It may be caught in a tide-rip, I thought.

Frantically I tried to open the door. No use. I called, but no one could hear me in that noise.

It was awful to think of drowning like a frantic rat !

As I turned away from the door, I caught sight of myself in the looking-glass. It was really very funny. Although I felt so scared, my face looked calm and sensible, and it seemed to steady me to see my own reflection.

I looked out of the port-hole and watched the stars bobbing up and down in an undignified sort of way. Presently we got into smoother water and I realized that the danger—if there ever had been any—was over.

It was a relief when daylight came to get up and go on deck. Fortunately there was no bar.

I soon found it was because of the drink the white men brought on board that I had to lock my door, not from any fear of the natives !

This morning most of them looked like the proverbial bears with sore heads ! Luckily the liquor was all consumed, and there was no chance of procuring more until we got back to Samarai.

I saw the captain for the first time at breakfast, and a sentence from a geography book used in my school-days flashed through my memory. " All Norwegians are gentlemen." I realized how very fortunate it was for me that the captain was a Norwegian.

He had a very quiet voice, but when he spoke the crew flew to obey.

I heard one of the passengers say, " Our captain has a very gentle manner and speaks very softly. Would you dare to go up on the bridge and ask him a question ? "

" Not for all the gold in Papua ! " said the other vehemently.

The rest of the men were careless about their attire. The captain was always in spotless white, and, no matter in what condition the deck might be, no dirt ever attached itself to his clothes.

It was a great relief to the solitary woman passenger that this man could keep order and that nothing would go far wrong while he was in charge.

The mate was a very rough diamond, with a loud blustering voice. He and his five brothers had all gone to the war; four were killed at Gallipoli and one in France. No wonder he was gloomy and bad-tempered!

The engineer's mother, an old lady of eighty-seven, had travelled all the way out from Scotland to Australia to ask why he had not gone to the Front like all his brothers. He was rejected because he had malaria badly.

The food on board is dreadful. I don't wonder men drink in New Guinea and Papua, they are so seldom decently fed.

The tea proved undrinkable, and I tried coffee, which seemed flavoured with trade tobacco, so I kept to lemon drinks until the water became too muddy.

The boat generally anchors at night because there are so many reefs, and we call at fresh places every day.

Our first stopping-place was the island of Baniara, which is a Government coco-nut plantation, worked by prison labour. This is an excellent idea, for it is work suitable for the natives, and it will prove very profitable.

It looks very flourishing and is in beautiful order. The walks are covered with white sand and bordered

with blocks of coral, and then there are rows of crotons before the lines of palms begin. The effect is delightful.

The manager's wife came on board with her two children, and the captain introduced me. She was very glad to meet a woman again, and took me over the island and to her house, which is built in the highest part. She had not seen anyone for months and was quite excited at being able to talk with someone besides her husband!

There was a madwoman walking about followed by a native warder. She had eaten some plant which makes people quite insane. Her eyes were wild and glittering and she muttered incessantly, but she seemed harmless. It was feared that she might destroy herself. There was a chance that she might recover; it depended on how much she had eaten.

I came back to the boat for supper, and my hostess went home to see her children to bed. She soon returned to the boat, saying she was too excited to eat anything, and if I wasn't too tired she would like to go on talking!

She brought me a native basket full of delicious limes. I shall use some of the juice on my face and arms, I am frightfully brown and sunburnt, and lime-juice is better than lemon-juice.

While we were at Baniara, the *kanakas* were allowed to camp on shore; it must have been a relief to them after their cramped quarters on board. They had a line of little fires all along the beach and were very happy sitting round them.

They are from different tribes, among them are the

fierce Orokaivas and Marsinas, who work well at felling trees but despise less heroic tasks. The Tufis are different and quite willing to do humbler work.

It is amazing how tightly the natives with their women and children are packed on the lower deck. It must be very uncomfortable, but they bear it philosophically. When it rains, as many as can creep in on top of the coal. When the crush becomes too great, lots of the men climb into the rigging. There is always a crowd on the rails.

One boy looks dreadfully ill. I spoke to one of the men about him, but he seemed to think it was all right. Next morning he looked worse and he had not eaten any food. I went down to speak to him. He looked dreadfully ill, lying there on the dirty deck. He was covered with scaly disease, his skin had a yellowish tinge and the whites of his eyes were bright yellow.

The purser gave me tea and bread and butter for him and promised he should have beef-tea later on.

I wonder the doctor passed him. He really ought to have gone to the native hospital for treatment, but perhaps it was a hopeless case. Lots of the boys come on board ill and die before they reach their homes.

One of the little babies has a dreadful sore and cries all the time. A man near struck it on the head, probably stunning the poor mite, for its wailing ceased abruptly. He must have been the father, for no one demurred. The poor mother began to weep in a heart-broken way.

I had brought tobacco and sweets on board, so I

threw some to her. They all love tobacco, and of course sweets are an unusual treat. She at once began to divide her treasures with the others. They were rather doubtful about the sweets, so I showed them by gestures that they were meant to go in one's mouth. When once they had tasted them, their faces became one big smile!

One native was so delighted with his first sweet that he carefully saved the rest to plant. He thought they were seeds and hoped in a few months to be gathering baskets full of bull's-eyes and red and white peppermints. Sad that such simple faith should go unrewarded!

When I look over the railing, the mothers nudge their piccaninnies, who all look up and smile shyly.

I used to give another sick man the cakes that came with my afternoon tea. One day I could not see him and another came forward for them. Presently he returned and explained he could not find the sick man and actually was going to hand me back the cakes! When I told him to keep them for himself ("*Kaikai* belong you") he beamed and went off and shared them with a friend.

Our second place of call was Cape Nelson, where the land rises abruptly from the sea to form a craggy ridge, and steep little paths wind from the narrow strip of head to the manager's house and the boys' huts. The water in the bay is ninety-six feet deep close to the shore.

As soon as we got into the bay, crowds of canoes came round us. In most of them were queer old hags of women, who came close to the steamer and peered

anxiously up at the faces of the boys. They were the mothers looking for their returning sons. Sometimes loud jubilant choruses of " wah-ho " rose, and then we knew the women had found their lads, but many came in vain, and they turned their canoes round again and paddled away in silence.

I wonder what they think of the white man and his lordly ways. They must resent it when their sons go away, never to return, and perhaps they never get to know what has happened.

To-day we reached one of the B.N.G. plantations, that is, the British New Guinea Development Company, which is disrespectfully called the " Bung."

There was not much to see. It was a very flat, sandy place. The coco-nut palms were young and flourishing, and in between them grew a green vine whose leaves contain what is locally reported to be a cure for Bright's disease. We went to the manager's house to rest—it was a bachelor's establishment, so we were not even offered tea !

The men in these places have very lonely lives, but there is plenty to do and they soon get interested in their work.

Some fine timber grows inland from here, and close to the beach is a pit saw-mill, where it is cut into great logs weighing two or three tons; some of it is bendora, a kind of teak.

It was very interesting watching the timber being put on board. This is the sort of work the natives love. The great logs were levered down the sloping beach, then the rough waves seized them. They were attached by a line to a canoe and floated towards the

steamer. Sometimes the tide served instead. The boys would come too, as many as could standing on the logs, then losing their balance they would tumble, shouting with glee, into the green water, where they were quite as much at home as the fish.

One canoe submerged, and it was funny to watch the boys sinking until only their black heads remained above the water. Then they swam off to clamber on another log.

When the logs were alongside, the boys would fix the hook and stand on them while the derrick raised them to the deck; then they would spring off and strike the water with resounding splashes.

The mate was in charge and he could not manage without kicking and cuffing the boys and using most violent language. All the time he roared and cursed; this added to the confusion, and somehow one of the logs struck him on the foot and he retired limping and swearing to his cabin. Then the captain quietly strolled up, gave a few orders, and the work went on twice as well and far more pleasantly.

The forward deck is piled with huge logs. I don't know where the natives are going to be put!

Just now they are on shore, sitting in rows, or bathing in the rough water.

Each day we land a hundred or two and then take on nearly as many more.

There are so many logs still to be got on and the forward deck is full, so now we are having them put aft. They are huge, three and four feet in diameter. They are lashed more or less securely to supports, but I think they would roll about horribly and crush us all if we had any rough weather.

When we got to Buna Bay, the captain took me to the manager's house. His wife was a young Scotch girl and she had a fellow-countrywoman staying with her, so that she was not lonely like the lady at Baniara.

She had a very frail baby which was being brought up on condensed milk, although there were plenty of goats, but she did not approve of goat's milk for baby.

They were very kind and I spent the day with them, enjoying, among other luxuries, a hot bath!

It was delightfully cool on the veranda, and I was glad to be away from the *Soma*, where cargo was being moved, and the awnings were down.

Some of the local natives came to the house and I noticed how quaintly their hair was arranged. It was in numerous long tails, plastered with clay or mud, whose dry pellets rattled as they struck together.

I would not stay to dinner, for the jetty is a regular death-trap even in daylight, and I would not risk it after dark with sharks in the water below. It is built of loose planks, with big spaces between for the unwary to slip through.

I am afraid it is rather a nuisance to have a woman on board, it usually means putting down a gangway for me to get on and off.

I have been sleeping on the grating aft—I believe that is the correct term. It is quite nice and secluded, and it is delightfully cool after that awful cabin!

I put on a kimono, a cap, and my slippers, so I look quite respectable.

The nights are moonlight and it is lovely watching the water and sleeping under the stars.

But once, suddenly in the middle of the night, down came the rain! The awning had been carried away

in a storm, so I had no protection. I sat up and hoped desperately it would not rain long. But it did—long and hard!

Presently the mate came running down from the bridge and he carried my mattress on to the hatchway under the awning. It was not nearly so nice as the grating aft, but it was much drier.

In the morning I slept late. Usually I got down to the cabin before anyone was stirring. I was wakened by someone calling, "Do get up and see the waterspout."

It was such a queer thing, dark grey and shaped like a gigantic hour-glass. It stretched from the sea to the low clouds and moved rapidly. Sometimes it seemed to be chasing us. Then two others formed and all three moved spectrally against the dark horizon.

Sometimes they approached one another as if consulting how they should treat this audacious steamer, but they evidently decided not to punish us by coming too near, and gradually they disappeared.

While we were watching to see if there were any more waterspouts, the boat gave a sharp turn and we lost our footing.

"Look, look," said the men, "we were nearly on the reef!"

Everyone was silent for a minute. Danger is ever present in these waters, where there are reefs forty miles from land.

Last night the mosquitoes were very bad and I could not sleep. Perhaps it was just as well, for I had a horrid experience.

So far, no one had ever come near the part of the

deck reserved for me, but this night I heard someone walk past softly. I was wide awake directly and saw a tall naked man pass quickly towards the saloon steps.

" What is that native going to do ? " I thought, for they were never allowed on this deck. I knew the passengers' cabins were not far off and they would hear if I called, so I just waited, and presently the man reappeared and went back.

Then, turning round to make sure where he was going, I saw him sitting on the end of the hatchway, and he was a white man, not a native. Then I saw there were two men. I could not recognize them in the misty moonlight and I could not understand it. I felt horribly frightened and indignant and said :

" Why are you here ? Go away; you are not to come here."

They still remained where they were, so I seized my pillows and fled to the cabin, where I locked the door.

After this experience I never slept on deck again, and how I survived the hot nights in that stifling cabin I do not know. Fortunately I endured them one at a time, and each succeeding day helped me to recover from the horror of the suffocating night.

When I met the next manager's wife, I told her of my unpleasant experience and asked what she would have done under the circumstances.

" I should have screamed," she promptly replied.

I never thought of that !

By degrees I began to understand. Someone in Rabaul had warned me never to go alone on the little

steamers, because the men often slept on deck without pyjamas, and I had quite forgotten this warning.

Then I remembered two young fellows had got on board at the last calling-place and they probably did not know there were any but men on the boat.

Some of the men we see at these out-of-the-way places are such wan and wasted creatures, and yet they won't leave Papua. They say the country gets hold of them, and even if they go South, they have to return.

The passengers are the most uninteresting I have ever come across. They are chiefly uneducated men and quite inarticulate. One travelled about with Sir William MacGregor and he must have had some wonderful experiences, but I don't think he could be interesting if he tried—and he doesn't even try!

The *Soma* has a refrigerator so we have what is called fresh meat, in distinction to tinned meat. Everyone is quite proud of this fresh meat, but I find it appalling!

As we stop at different places the residents come and arrange to have some of it, and they go off so happily with a leg of mutton or a round of beef wrapped up in a newspaper.

Luckily the managers' wives invite me ashore for meals, and send me fruit, chiefly delicious pineapples, bananas and limes, otherwise I should starve.

We have reached the Mambare, the river about which such dreadful tales are told. One could believe any horror of a river like this, with its sullen flooded waters rolling heavily between the low banks. There are several mouths; all deep muddy streams.

Every afternoon, about four o'clock, the floods from the hills inland augment its burden of waters, and so it is always overflowing and angry.

So much blood has been shed here that it is said, if all of it could be poured into the stream at the same time, it would run red.

The boys belonging to this region did not share our horror of their river, but greeted it with cries of joy. For them, it was home, sweet home.

As soon as we anchored they lowered their tins and drank eagerly of its uninviting water. It was quite fresh on the surface but salt beneath, and much too muddy to be attractive.

The water on board is also very muddy. When I expostulated with the cabin boy and asked for clean water to wash with, he shook his head and explained : " Too much walk about along water." We have had rough weather and the sediment in the tanks has been disturbed.

I strain some through pocket-handkerchiefs, and have even been reduced to brushing my teeth with the juice of limes !

The Mambare looks as if it had a wicked past. Its low mangrove-covered shores, the heavy roll of its flooded stream, and the hot, moist atmosphere are most depressing.

Numbers of canoes came out with coco-nuts and roasted shell-fish. They had little fires on the out-riggers, on mounds of earth or flat stones, and the boys bought the hot food eagerly.

The canoes were manned chiefly by women and children, mostly naked. They were such strong,

capable, shrill-voiced women, who bargained fiercely. It is the daughters of the Mambare who will be the first to demand female suffrage in Papua !

The captain said we would have a rough time after leaving the Mambare and, alas, he is right ! Our little boat rocks all ways, and what with sea-sickness, airless nights, starvation and heat, I, like Tithonus, am fast becoming " a grey shadow."

He lamented, " Alas, for this grey shadow, once a man ! " and I might with equal truth say, " Alas, for this drab shadow, once a woman ! "

When the purser came this morning to see what I would have, I said, " I'll try some arrowroot, made with water."

He reappeared carrying a glass of cold water, with a dry white powder floating on top ! I looked at it curiously, there did not seem the slightest prospect of the two elements amalgamating.

" Try and take it, miss; I made it myself," he said with an air of conscious virtue.

I did.

But I suggested the next arrowroot might be made with boiling water.

It was.

But the white powder still floated in a detached manner on top of hot water instead of cold water.

I drank it.

I hoped it was nourishing; it certainly was not appetizing !

The bread was always sour and heavy. When I got a piece in my mouth, it went round and round, but it would not go down without a drink to force it.

We are nearing the Trobriands. They are numerous low islands covered with forests and coco-nut plantations.

A very fierce king used to live here. He was over six feet high and had thirty wives. He would not allow Sir William MacGregor to land and they had a fight. Some curios were brought to us—carved pigs, men, boats and ebony walking-sticks.

The pearls found here are of different colours, pink, pale golden, and dark grey or black. For a time it was considered that the white pearls from the Trobriands had not the lustre to make them valuable, but now this opinion has changed.

The divers will not go in the water until November as it is too cold. The Government will not allow pearling operations to be carried out by indentured labour here. The natives find the pearls and sell them to the traders, whose licence costs £50 annually.

The inhabitants depend largely on the flesh of the pearl oysters for food, and by this policy the beds are not so quickly depleted.

When a diver finds a pearl there is a rush of traders to secure it, and the successful tenderer may buy for £2 what he will sell for £50. The chief pearler was away in Sydney, getting through £5000 as quickly as he could.

At different places, boat-loads of food were bought to feed the *kanakas*.

We next came to Woodlark, a beautiful hilly island, with a much-indented coast-line. Lovely as these islands are, I should not care to live in them, for they are set in far too rough seas !

There was a very rich gold mine in Woodlark, but it is closed now. It also had a powerful wireless installation that could send messages to San Francisco, but it is dismantled and the machinery and buildings have been carried off to Misima, where a gold mine is being worked by some of the Broken Hill people. They say it is going to be good.

Misima is charming. The harbour is protected by a reef which runs across the entrance, leaving only a very narrow opening which needs skilful navigation to negotiate it safely. The colours among the reefs are beautiful, the most vivid shades of blue and green that can be imagined. The waves break over them with great force and send columns of white spray into the air.

I went on shore and bought some curios, among others a carved wooden knife. Some of the women must be very wealthy, they are laden with *sapi-sapi* in the form of ear-rings, armlets and belts. One native got £70 for a pearl recently.

The women of Misima have an unpleasant way of committing suicide. If they are annoyed, they climb quickly up a tall palm tree and hurl themselves headlong on to the rocky ground below. Their troubles are soon over.

The coast of Misima looked lovely as we sailed away. The mountains were close to the sea, such steep, jagged peaks, covered with trees. Near the shore were coco-nut palms with native houses among them.

In some parts were high white cliffs, crowned with verdure, and with the surf breaking at their feet.

We were supposed to arrive at Samarai in the afternoon, but when I looked out of the port-hole early in the morning, there, to my surprise, was the gay little island, bobbing up above the waves in friendly greeting!

CHAPTER XXIII

THE FUTURE OF THE BLACK RACES

WHAT is to be the future of the teeming population of Papua, New Guinea and the surrounding islands? Are they to die out, as most other black races are doing, or is it possible to evolve some policy that will save them from extinction and fit them to take their place in the economic structure of the world?

They have suffered much at the white man's hands and have little cause to love him. True, they have sometimes had their revenge, but for every white victim a hundred blacks have paid the penalty.

Unfortunately the first white men who mix with the blacks are often renegades, who vilely misuse them, and in revenge innocent white men have suffered.

The horrors of the *kanaka* trade, when unscrupulous men captured the helpless islanders, killed those who resisted, and sold the survivors to Queensland sugar-planters, have effectively roused public feeling.

Avaricious traders and seamen, horribly diseased, and inflamed with drink, used to capture young girls from the beach villages, and many of these poor little victims threw themselves into shark-infested seas, preferring death.

Punitive expeditions set fire to crowded villages, killing hundreds of innocent people. On lonely plan-

tations many natives died cruel deaths. One thing is quite certain, the black races are not in existence merely to be exploited for the profit of the white man.

Some say the natives should be left alone, but that is impossible at this stage of the world's history. Not only must they be saved from themselves and their own horrible cruelties, but the products of their lands are needed by the rest of mankind.

Many think that the Christian Missions solve the difficulty. Do they?

Look at Fiji. The work the Methodist missionaries accomplished there was wonderful, and yet——

In the old days, when a chief's house was built, a human being was buried alive with every post, holding it in his arms that the foundations might be "well and truly laid." Each war canoe was launched by being dragged over living bodies which, mangled and in agony, were then thrust into ovens and roasted.

The missionaries have changed all this and the Fijians to-day are peaceable and law-abiding. They love to sing hymns and make long prayers, but they will not work and are fast dying out. It is the race that works and strives to overcome difficulties that survives. Probably life is too easy, food too plentiful, they have lost interest, and so there is no struggle for existence.

In Papua and New Guinea there are some very large Roman Catholic Missions where thousands of black and half-caste children are being brought up. In most cases, when grown up, these work out their own salvation on the mission plantations—for whose benefit? ? ?

One native boy who had been brought up in the

mission at Vunapope, and received many kindnesses from the fathers, after partaking of Mass one morning at Vunamaria, killed with the help of his confederates no less than nine or ten of his benefactors, fathers and sisters.

At Kwato, near Samarai, is a mission station that resembles the Garden of Eden. The native girls and women have refined ways, gentle manners, a spiritual expression, and are, as the missionaries themselves say, ladies. They spend their time doing fine needlework, making drawn-thread tray cloths, etc. The men and boys are also quite two thousand years ahead of their fellow-countrymen in civilization.

I asked why they could not be sent to the native villages to help uplift the others. " Oh, no ! That would never do, for they would soon go back to their native ways ! "

This state of perfection seems a forced growth, and what is the good of Christians who must always be kept in a glass case ?

The Papuan Government has one excellent trait—its determination to protect the natives—but its policy has the effect of causing a great many " swelled heads," and it is fatal for a black race to get " swelled head " !

Prohibition is one of the first reforms needed. If no liquor is allowed in these islands, then a very undesirable element in the white population will be rendered harmless, and these men will either reform or leave the country. Drinking men are responsible for most of the cruelty one hears of, and for the revenge taken by the outraged natives.

Drink lowers the white man's prestige, and the sooner prohibition becomes a reality, the better the chance

for the welfare of the black races and the development of these valuable islands.

A very thorough system of Government inspection is needed on the plantations and in all missions; and all planters, managers and employers guilty of harsh treatment should be severely punished and, if necessary, expelled from the country.

Every employer of black labour should provide facilities for sport and recreation.

If conditions were more attractive, it would not be so difficult to get recruits, and it might be easier to obtain workers from local villages and then family life would not be broken up.

The population of Papua and New Guinea is an agricultural one, and they are keen traders.

Could not a system of education be introduced to develop them upon these lines? Not to teach them to read and write and do fancy-work, but to arouse ambition to succeed in growing the finest yams and taros, to have the cleanest and most comfortable village, to build the best boats and to have sports matches between the different tribes?

Even black men cannot live "by bread alone." They adore our games. Why can we not help them to become peasant proprietors, growing sugar-cane, rice, cotton, rubber, coffee, copra, and selling these products to accredited agents?

Even now, many natives make copra, and some white traders find it more profitable to buy copra from them in small quantities at half-price, and store it, rather than to work a plantation with the difficulty of getting labour.

The girls might be trained to cook the native foods

properly, to be clean, and to take care of the babies. I often used to wonder that any of the piccaninnies ever survived the vicissitudes of their childhood !

The intelligence of the natives is very limited. They are children mentally, and will remain children for many generations.

They are cunning, cowardly, cruel, revengeful, treacherous, but they are also generous, anxious to please, patient, uncomplaining, helpless, and their fate lies in our hands !

POSTSCRIPT

JUST before leaving Samarai I received a letter from Mrs. Parkinson. She had had a shock through hastening to Paul's relief one night when he had a bad attack of nightmare. His cries aroused her fears that the natives were attacking him, and rushing to his help she fell, hurting herself badly.

" I am still in the long chair," she wrote on November 1st, 1920. " My hand shakes badly, but I must let you know how we are, and the steamer sails to-morrow. My children have all come up from their plantations so that we may be together when we learn our fate. All firms and companies are liquidated, but the private people not yet. We wait patiently, but the time is long. I never leave Kuradui now, preferring to stay always at home with my dear children, for who knows what the future will bring? If my children are deported, what shall I do? And if I am deported, what will become of my poor blacks? You know, some of the Bukas have been in my service for three generations. I send you photos of Kakun and Bomate. Poor old Bomate is dying, so she is safe."

The present year is the most trying of many for the Samoan women of German New Guinea.

Another letter from Rabaul said: " While H.M.A.S. *Melbourne* was here a few weeks ago, there were many festivities, and Mrs. Farm gave an Italian

night, to which about sixty guests were invited. Mrs. Kaumann sent her car into Rabaul for Mrs. Farm, the Commodore and some officers to go to her place for afternoon tea. But the Expropriation Board took away Mrs. Kaumann's car and told her she was not to entertain any of the officers of the *Melbourne*, and they also wrote to Mrs. Farm that, if she insisted on having Mrs. Kaumann at her party, the members of the Board would refuse to come. So, Mrs. Farm had to write and ask Mrs. Kaumann to stay away ! "

About this time, too, wonderful accounts appeared in some of the Sydney and Melbourne papers, describing how the officers of the *Melbourne* had discovered widespread German propaganda being carried on among the natives by the planters !

A letter from Mrs. Parkinson in December mentioned that, as nothing was yet decided, her children had returned to their plantations, and she was going to spend Christmas with them, taking all the staff with her. It was the first time for thirty-nine years that she had not celebrated it at her home.

" But it is too sad to wait on here alone, not knowing what our fate will be—surely it cannot be far off now ! "

After her return from the South Coast she wrote that her son-in-law, Mr. Uechtritz, and all the Germans were expropriated. Otherwise " we from Samoa " were not yet listed in the Gazette.

It was not until May, 1921, that the Mandate was given to Australia, and a special Tribunal was sent to Rabaul to try the cases of the " German nationals."

Wearily the months went by, but at last, on October 28th, 1921, in consequence of a communication received

from the Prime Minister's Department, I was able to send a wireless to Mrs. Parkinson, congratulating her that fate had proved kind, and that she was not to be deported, but was permitted to remain in New Guinea and to retain her possessions !

And in 1922, when the bitterness of the Great War had died down, the Australian Government gave its final decision about the Samoan women of late German New Guinea—that they with their families and their German husbands were all to be allowed to remain and keep their plantations.

This verdict, after all, is only what was to be expected from the generous-hearted, fair-minded and kindly people who dwell under the sunny skies of Australia—a bounteous land with wide, free spaces.

GLOSSARY

bebe, butterfly.
di-wai, tree, wood.
duk-duk, member of secret society.
gilliau, a blue and yellow bird.
gria, earthquake.
kaikai, food, to eat.
kanakas, labours, *i. e.* labourers.
kiap, captain or district officer.
kulau, young coco-nut.
kum-kum, duck, bird, angel.
laka, n'est-ce pas ?
lik-lik, little.
limlimbur, pleasure, idleness.
luluai, chief.
" *Mary*," black woman.
maski, it doesn't matter.
" *mek pepper*," make paper or sign contract.
" *Miti*," missus, *i. e.* white woman.
" *monkey*," a little black boy.
palolo, sea worms, eaten in Fiji and Samoa.
puk-puk, crocodile.
sapi-sapi, money.
sinabada, lady, mistress.
" *sitrong*," strong.
tambu, money, sacred, forbidden.
tarbada, sir, master.
uraru, where are you going ?
yoko, good-bye.

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